

OCT.
1960
No. 3

HELP!

ICD

FOR TIRED MINDS

35¢



JERRY LEWIS, VICTIM OF THE FALLOUT PROBLEM.

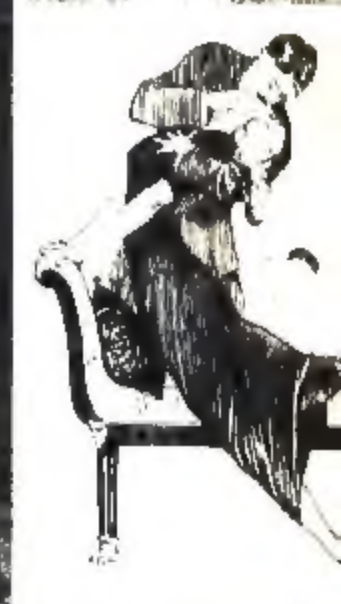
Are you the
new boarder?






looking
for
thrills?

you need
HELP!





"Excellent
opportunity with
growing concern. Must
be ambitious, show
leadership qualities. Good
start pay. References.
Write Box 358
Pravda."

HELP!

VOL. 1, NO. 3 OCTOBER 1960

editor
HARVEY KURTZMAN

publisher
JAMES WARREN

assistant editor
GLORIA STEINEM

production
HARRY CHESTER



page 6

ON THE CONEY

by Ed Fisher



page 7



HANDS OFF

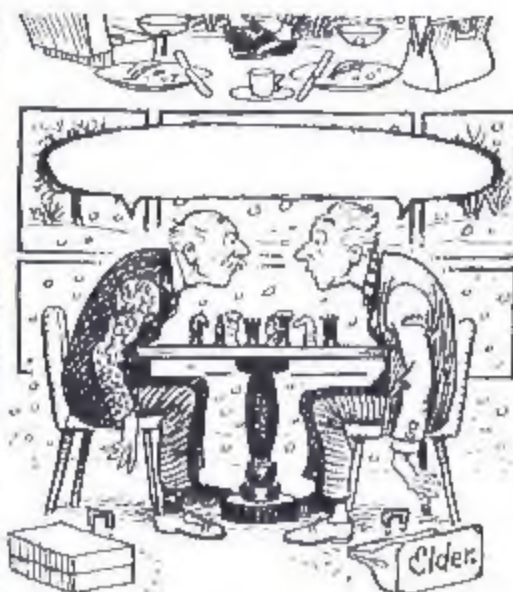
BY ROBERT SHECKLEY

page 13

page 15



page 19



page 20

page 22



Srendi Vashitar

by
Saki

page 37

page 40



The COURTSHIP of MILES STANDISH

by
Donald Ogden Stewart

page 43

page 27



page 46

page 51



page 23



page 63



LETTERS

KISSIE

Dear Editor:

I tried kissing the chick on the inside cover and it didn't do anything to me. Could it be she's using the wrong brand of lipstick? Or maybe she's just not my type. If you stay in business long enough, your sheet will be tops in its field.

Ed Fish

East Meadow, New York

Did you pucker properly? Try again — the back cover of this issue. —ed.

LOLITA

I didn't think the picture on page 38 of your August issue was in the least bit funny.

Humbert Humbert
Ramsdale, Mass.



page 38

SPLIT INFINITIVES

So how come the first sentence in the editor's introduction to the first issue of an "intellectual" humor magazine contains an horrendously schismatic infinitive ("to frequently titillate")?

After I recuperated from the initial shock, however, I was able to greatly enjoy the rest of the mag, particularly Serling's *The Fever*, although I felt there was a bit of incongruity with the general tenor of a "humor" publication.

C.R.

Philadelphia

So how come an intellectual like you didn't notice that we put one "t" too many in "titillate"? Or that you yourself (heh heh) misspelled "recuperated" and split an infinitive with "to greatly enjoy"?

Like to read proof for us? We need each other! —ed.

WELL WISHERS

I thought that your magazine was a blast!

Mel Kjormoe, Jr.

Torrington, Wyoming

I'm so enthusiastic and pleased with this mag, that I find myself unable to put into

words how welcome it is compared to the sordid state that other mag you so righteously departed from, is in today. If I may get personal in closing, I'd just like to say: welcome back, Harv. You've got a generous supporting audience behind you.

Billy J. Plott,
Opelike, Alabama

chee, gosh... —ed.

Keep feeding us the Kurtzman humor, the young men of America need it.

John Verpoorten
New York, N.Y.

Kurtzman needs it too.

—ed.

Inadvertently I bought a copy of *HELP*, a credit no doubt to the cover-design... actually I saw the cover and then noticed the credits and then bought it and THEN discovered it was your new

project. Congratulations... it seems certainly different and is very entertaining... I like everything in it. Especially the use of the two stories. In fact, this looks like the first humor magazine that makes any sense as a real magazine... not a sport like *MAD* or *BALLYHOO*.

Roger Price
New York

Congratulations right back to friend Roger on the publication of his latest book, *WHAT NOT TO NAME THE BABY*. —ed.

I've just finished reading the first issue of *HELP*. Keep it up, sir, keep it up; they couldn't keep you down for very long. I've followed your career ever since I have been old enough to appreciate satire. *TRUMP* was, in my estimation, your high spot. *HUMBUG* was very good.

I'm looking forward to equally good future issues of *HELP*.

Frank M. Szasz
Bucyrus, Ohio

I grew up with the products of Mr. Kurtzman's fertile imagination. I have followed his fortunes through comic books, slick, and pulp, but this is the first opportunity I have had to express my appreciation. Enclosed is a check for a one-year subscription to *HELP*, commencing with issue number two.

Donald Caldwell
Houston, Texas

We definitely favor letters of this type. However — Thank you. Thank you all for your nice letters. —ed.

Please address mail to *HELP*! letters Dept 3, 545 5th Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

COVER STORY

With our current cover, *HELP*! launched its first Sputnik, and according to our publisher, we spent more on ours than the Soviets on theirs. Our biggest problem was finding a metal sphere with a high mirror-like polish. After searching fruitlessly for a silver beach ball, we had a sphere made to order and had it painstakingly polished and sent it off to Jerry Lewis in Hollywood who obligingly posed while the *Help*! Sputnik was bounced off his head several times. But first the photographer sprayed away the annoying polish.

Jerry Lewis — director, producer and star of *The Bellboy* — also does gag photo captions. Below is his contribution to *HELP*!

Jerry Lewis contribution





THEY'RE OUT THERE by H. Kurtzman

Be sociable — Look smart — Be up to date with Pepsi . . .



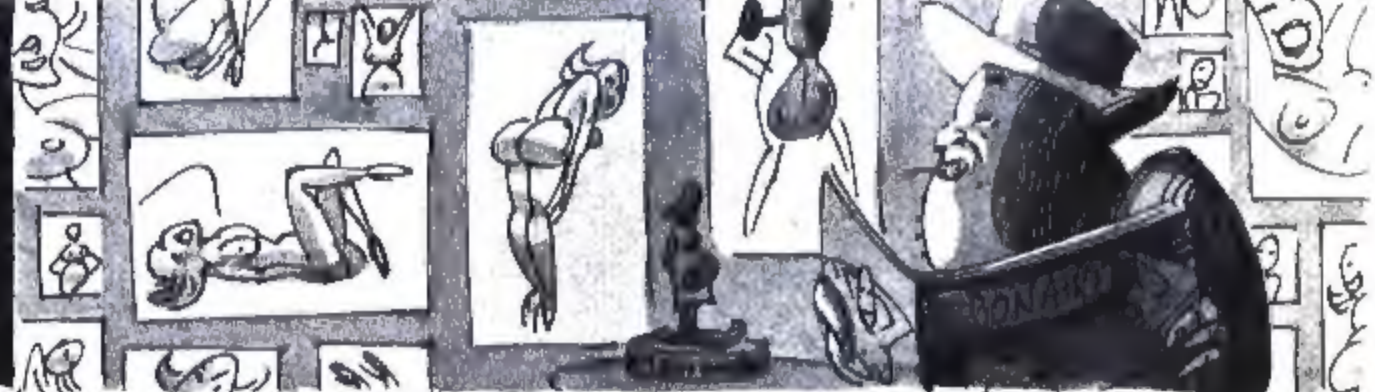
You never outgrow your need for milk . . .



Watch your fork sink into that mouth-watering goodness . . .



For the first time in your life, feel really clean . . .



— soothes that raw, aching throat . . .



See — it never rides up or stretches out of shape . . .



ON THE CONEY

a daring screenplay by Ed Fisher

DIRECTED BY
Alfred Hitchhike



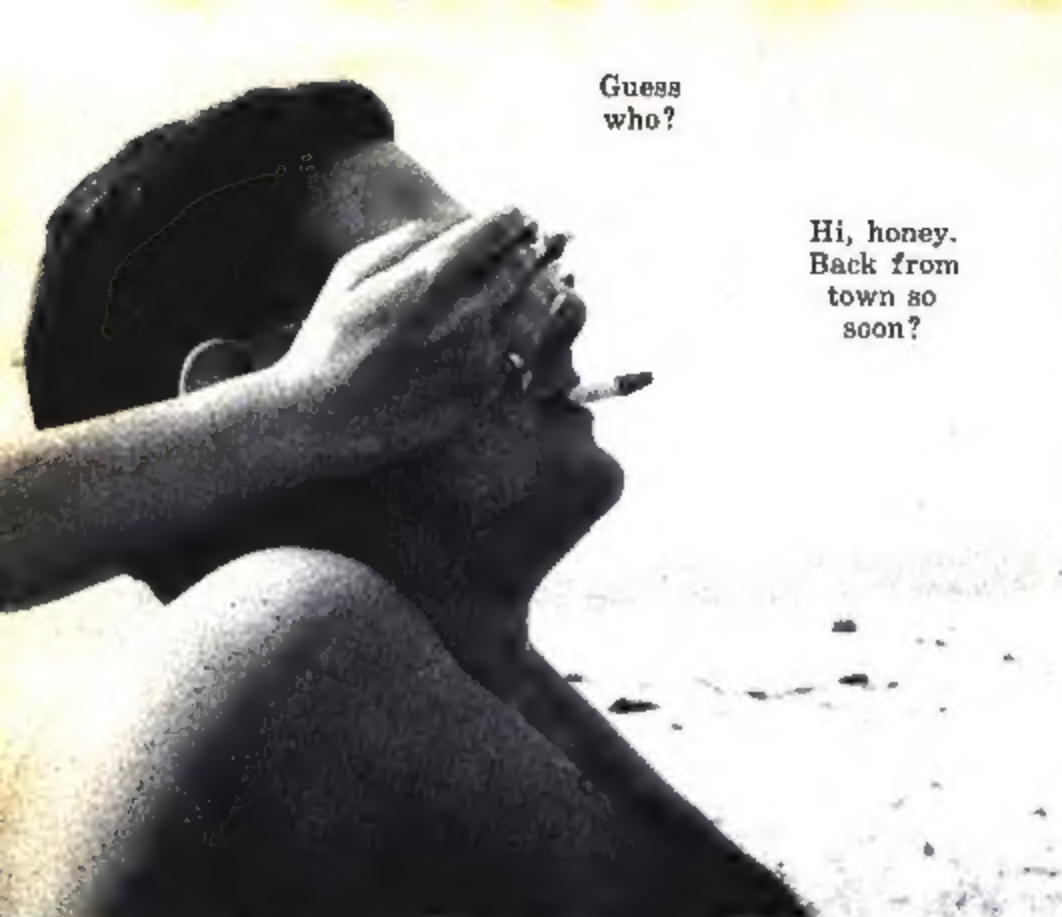
ALFRED HITCHHIKE

The subject matter of this new screenplay is so *terrifying* — and so *daring* — that no one will be allowed to look at the final page until he has faithfully read through the first six pages. (Just to make sure, we've left it out of the magazine. It will be *mailed* to you on receipt of a written synopsis proving to us that you've read and understood everything leading up to it!)

Our tale begins simply and innocently enough . . . on a sleepy summer afternoon, along a quiet strip of beach, not far from New York City . . .

Continued





Guess
who?

Hi, honey.
Back from
town so
soon?



Got a
surprise to
show you.

Mm!
I won't
look
till you
tell me.



Okay,
look now.
How do
you like
it?

Wow!
Sophie,
you're a
— knock-
out!



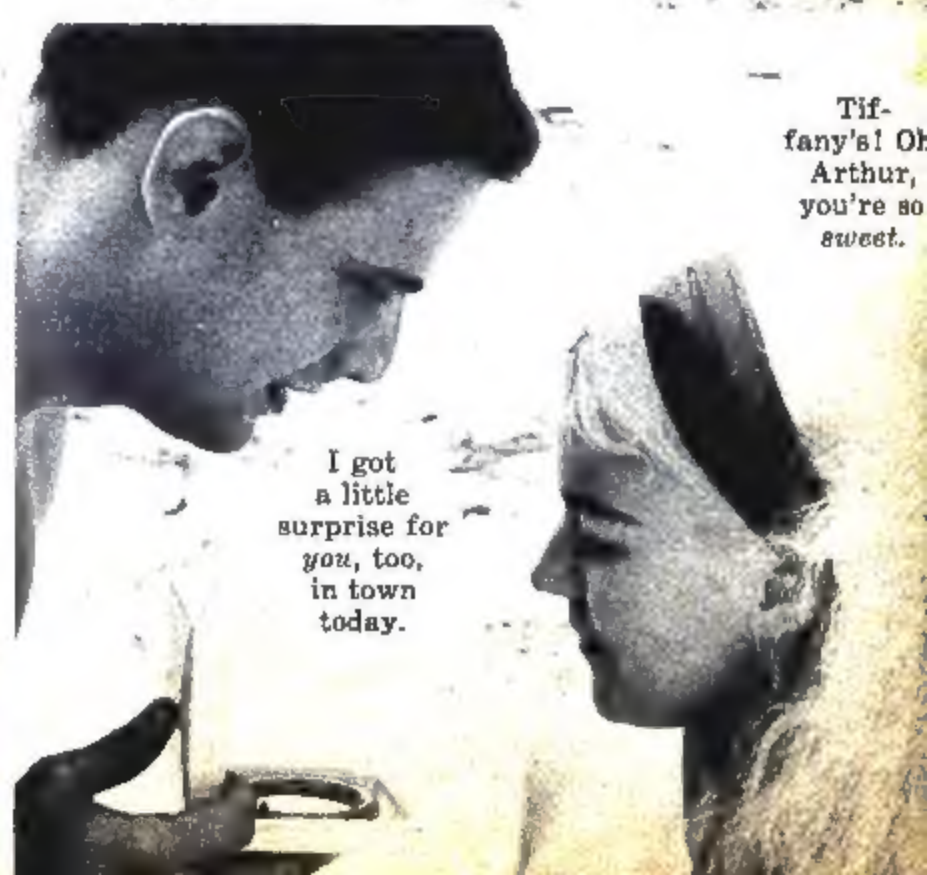
I never
saw you like
this before,
Sophie. You're
sensational!

I've
always
wanted to
wear a bikini.
But I never
had the
nerve —



Everything's
so heavenly, now,
with the whole
beach to ourselves.
Simply heavenly.

Well, yes.
Coney Island
used to be so
damn crowded.



Tif-
fany's! Oh
Arthur,
you're so
sweet.

I got
a little
surprise for
you, too,
in town
today.



Well, we
can afford the
best now,
I guess,
can't we?

Mmm!
We certainly
can. Let's go to
Le Pavillon
Right
now.



Naughty, naughty
We stay here, till
sundown Remember?

Oh,
pooh!
You and
your
silly
radio
fad



Now, now, snooky. We stay here. I thought
you *liked* being here with me, listening to the radio.

But day
after day!
When are
you going to
give it up,
Arthur?



I got a new
set today Picked
it up at Abercrombie
& Fitch Super short-
wave Even better
than my old Tele-
funken R4- double-0,
and the Strom-
berg J7

I think
it's silly.
You never get
anything
on any of
them



Anyway, I don't like the Pavilion
any more. It's so big and empty, these
days. Creepy, sort of.

Well,
get me
a hot dog,
then



Where? Nathan's is closed, remember? The Gaiety is closed
Surf Avenue is closed Closed, closed, closed! Remember?

Darling,
darling; please . .
don't get upset.

. Times Square, empty . .
Macy's, deserted WQXR,
silent

You
musn't *think*
about it,
Arthur!



I like
it this
way.
I never
had nerve
to wear
a bikini
on the
beach
before

You — you
don't feel funny
here? On a
hot Sunday — in
Coney Island —
alone?



No.
I like it.
I like
us being the
only two
left . .

Don't say it, Sophie!
Don't! It can't be true.
We can't be the only
ones left



But we are, dear
The only two human beings
who survived the .

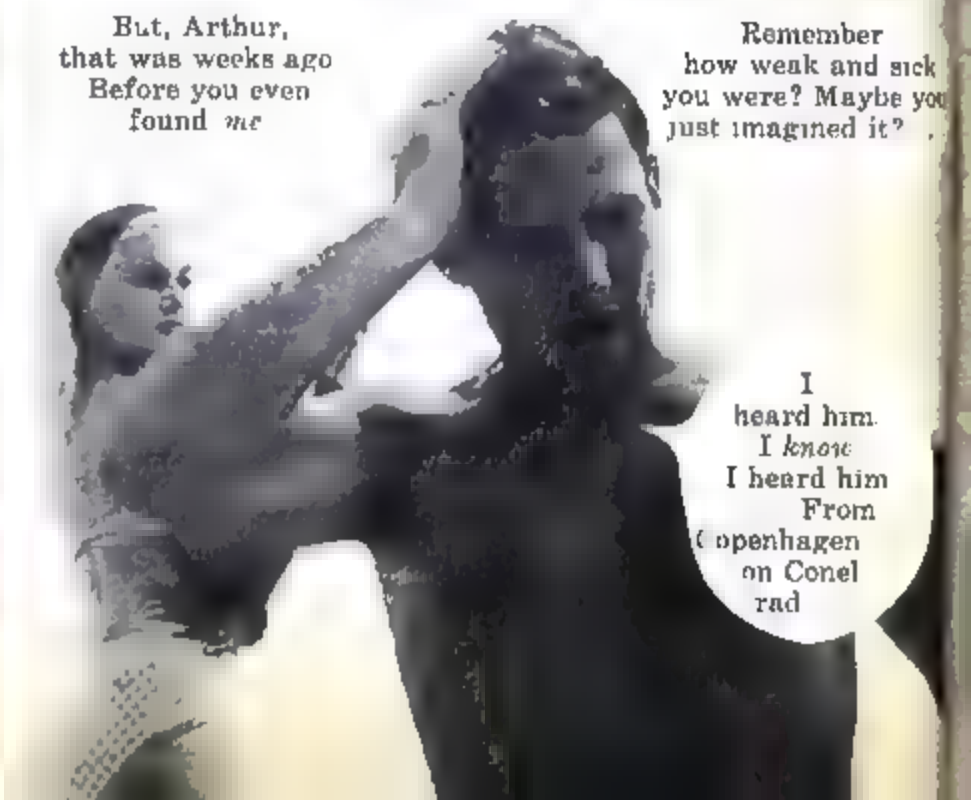


No! Commander
Gregory Peak is alive!
I know it. He's got
to be. I got his radio
signal from Copenhagen,
didn't I? Didn't I?



But, Arthur,
that was weeks ago
Before you even
found me

Remember
how weak and sick
you were? Maybe you
just imagined it?



I
heard him.
I *know*
I heard him
From
Copenhagen
on Conel
rad

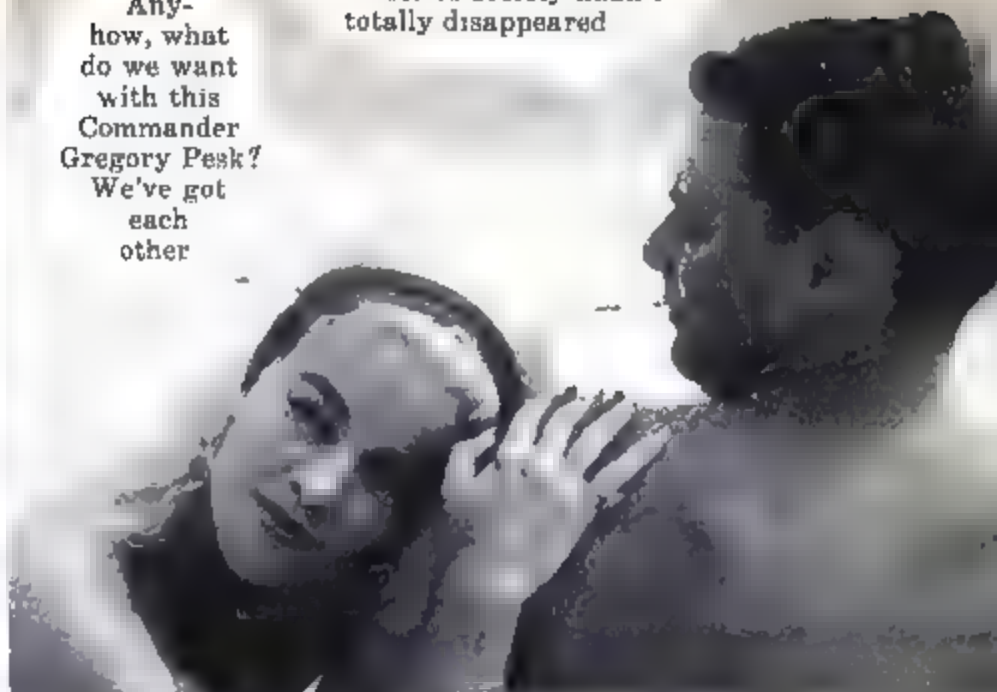
... He said he was
setting out by submarine,
that he was going to
land here

You
dreamed it,
Arthur You were
delirious



Any-
how, what
do we want
with this
Commander
Gregory Pesk?
We've got
each
other

But another human being,
Sophie - don't you see - it
would mean that the whole
fabric of society hadn't
totally disappeared



Listen, lame-brain, the minute
you've got what you call "society" back
you've got trouble again! Jealousy Greed, Wars.

I tell you it's
better this way
Believe me! We're
better off *without*
this Commander
Pesk around



But
Sophie -
another
human
being

Hasn't
this poor
world had
enough? Look
what the bomb
did! Do you
want it to
happen
again?



That's why I -
haven't let you
let you - Don't you see? I
don't want to start it
all over again That's
why I haven't
let you

Oh, God!
So that's why
you haven't ever
let me - let me
Oh, God!
God!



Sophie, mankind isn't as evil as
you think Some of us are brought up
to do violence ... to do evil But it needn't be
always the case. Not if we start them off right

Start
who
off
right?



The new
race of
mankind!
Yours and
mine.
Sophie

Arthur,
you're
hurting
me.

Please, Sophie. Don't be afraid. You and I — we survived
the bomb. It must have been for a reason . . .

No, Arthur
No

It must have been because we
were put here to *do* something

But
not this,
Arthur, no
Believe
me . .

Then why
did you wear
the bikini
today . . . You
must have known
what we had to do.
Sophie, don't fight it.
Cast away your
evil fears . . .
doubts . . .
bikini

Wait,
Arthur. I
heard some-
thing .

A
sea
gull . . .

No. Look.
Something's coming out
of the water

Where?



SCIENCE FICTION

HANDS OFF

BY ROBERT SHECKLEY

Knowing
that a
Nebogian's
meat is an
Earthman's
delicacy

The ship's mass
detector flared pink
then red. Agge had been do-
ing at the controls, waiting for
word to finish making dinner. Now
he looked up quickly. "Planet
coming," he called over the
line of escape.

Captain Barnett nodded. He finished shaping a hot patch, and slapped it on *Endeavor's* worn hull. The whistle of escaping air dropped to a low moan, but was not entirely stopped. It never was.

When Barnett came over, the planet was just visible beyond the rim of a little red sun. It glowed green against the black night of space and gave both men an identical thought.

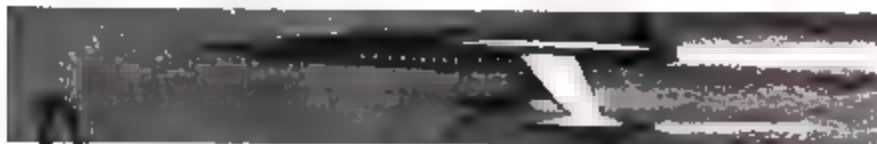
Barnett put the thought into words. "Wonder if there's anything on it worth taking," he said, frowning.

Agee lifted a white eyebrow hopefully. They watched as the dials began to register.

They would never have spotted the planet if they had taken the *Endeavor* along the South Galactic Trades. But the Confederacy police were becoming increasingly numerous along that route and Barnett preferred to give them a wide berth.

The *Endeavor* was listed as a trader—but the only cargo she carried consisted of several bottles of an extremely powerful acid used in opening safes, and three medium-sized atomic bombs. The authorities looked with disfavor upon such goods and they were always trying to haul the crew in on some old charge—a murder in Luna, larceny on Omega, breaking and entering on Samia II, Old, almost forgotten crimes that the police drearily insisted on raking up.

To make matters worse, *Endeavor* was outgunned by the newer police cruisers. So they had taken an outside route to New Athens, where a big uranium strike had opened.



"Don't look like much," Agee commented, inspecting the dials critically.

"Might as well pass it by," Barnett said.

The readings were uninteresting. They showed a planet smaller than Earth, uncharted, and with no commercial value other than oxygen atmosphere.

As they swung past, their heavy-metals detector came to life.

"There's stuff down there!" Agee said, quickly interpreting the multiple readings. "Pure. Very pure—and on the surface!"

He looked at Barnett, who nodded. The ship swung toward the planet.

Victor came from the rear, wearing a tiny wool cap crammed on his big shaven head. He stared over Barnett's shoulder as Agee brought the ship down in a tight spiral. Within a half mile of the surface, they saw their deposit of heavy metal.

It was a spaceship, resting on its tail in a natural clearing.

"Now *this* is interesting," Barnett said. He motioned Agee to make a closer approach.

Agee brought the ship down with deft skill. He was well past the compulsory retirement limit for master pilots, but it didn't affect his coordination. Barnett, who found him stranded and penniless, had signed him on. The captain was always glad to help another human, if it was convenient and likely to be profitable. The two men shared

the same attitude toward private property, but sometimes disagreed on ways of acquiring it. Agee preferred a sure thing. Barnett, on the other hand, had more courage than was good for a member of a relatively frail species like *Homo sapiens*.

Near the surface of the planet, they saw that the strange ship was larger than *Endeavor* and bright, shining new. The hull shape was unfamiliar, as were the markings.

"Ever see anything like it?" Barnett asked.

Agee searched his capacious memory. "Look a bit like a Cephean job, only they don't build 'em so squat. We're pretty far out, you know. That ship might not even be from the Confederacy."

Victor stared at the ship, his big lips parted in wonder. He sighed noisily. "We could sure use a ship like that, huh, Captain?"

Barnett's sudden smile was like a crack appearing in granite. "Victor," he said, "in your simplicity, you have gone to the heart of the matter. We *could* use a ship like that. Let's go down and talk with its skipper."

Before strapping in, Victor made sure the freeze-blasters were on full charge.

On the ground, they sent up an orange and green parley flare, but there was no answer from the alien ship. The planet's atmosphere tested breathable, with a temperature of 72 degrees Fahrenheit. After waiting a few minutes, they marched out, freeze-blasters ready under their jumpers.

All three men wore studiously pleasant smiles as they walked the fifty yards between ships.

Up close, the ship was magnificent. Its glistening silver-gray hide had hardly been touched by meteor strikes. The airlock was open and a low hum told them that the generators were recharging.

"Anyone home?" Victor shouted into the airlock. His voice echoed hollowly through the ship. There was no answer—only the soft hum of the generators and the rustle of grass on the plain.

"Where do you suppose they went?" Agee asked.

"For a breath of air, probably," Barnett said. "I don't suppose they'd expect any visitors."

Victor placidly sat down on the ground. Barnett and Agee prowled around the base of the ship, admiring its great drive ports.

"Think you can handle it?" Barnett asked.

"I don't see why not," Agee said. "For one thing, it's conventional drive. The servos don't matter—oxygen breathers use similar drive-control systems. It's just a matter of time until I figure it out."

"Someone coming," Victor called.

They hurried back to the airlock. Three hundred yards from the ship was a ragged forest. A figure had just emerged from among the trees, and was walking toward them.


Agee and Victor drew their blasters simultaneously.

Barnett's binoculars resolved the tiny figure into a rectangular shape, about two feet high by a foot wide. The alien was less than two inches thick and had no head.

Barnett frowned. He had never seen a rectangle floating above tall grass.

Adjusting the binoculars, he saw that the alien was

continued on page 16



You know
that medal,
the one with
the jagged
points. .

HANDS OFF *continued from page 14*

roughly humanoid. That is, it had four limbs. Two, almost hidden by the grass, were being used for walking, and the other two jutted stiffly into the air. In its middle, Barnett could just make out two tiny eyes and a mouth. The creature was not wearing any sort of suit or helmet.

"Queer-looking," Agee muttered, adjusting the aperture of his blaster. "Suppose he's all there is?"

"Hope so," Barnett said, drawing his own blaster.

"Range about two hundred yards." Agee leveled his weapon, then looked up. "Did you want to talk to him first, Captain?"

"What's there to say?" Barnett asked, smiling lazily. "Let him get a little closer, though. We don't want to miss."

Agee nodded and kept the alien steadily in his sights.



Kalen had stopped at this deserted little world hoping to blast out a few tons of erol, a mineral highly prized by the Mabogian people. He had had no luck. The unused thetnite bomb was still lodged in his body pouch, next

to a stray kerla nut. He would have to return to Mabog with ballast instead of cargo.

Well, he thought, emerging from the forest, better luck next—

He was shocked to see a thin, strangely tapered spaceship near his own. He had never expected to find anyone else on this deadly little world.

And the inhabitants were waiting in front of his own airlock! Kalen saw at once they were roughly Magobian in form. There was a race much like them in the Mabogian Union, but their spaceships were completely different. Intuition suggested that these aliens might well be representative of the great civilization rumored to be on the periphery of the Galaxy.

He advanced eagerly to meet them.

Strange, the aliens were not moving. Why didn't they come forward to meet him? He knew that they saw him because all three were pointing at him.

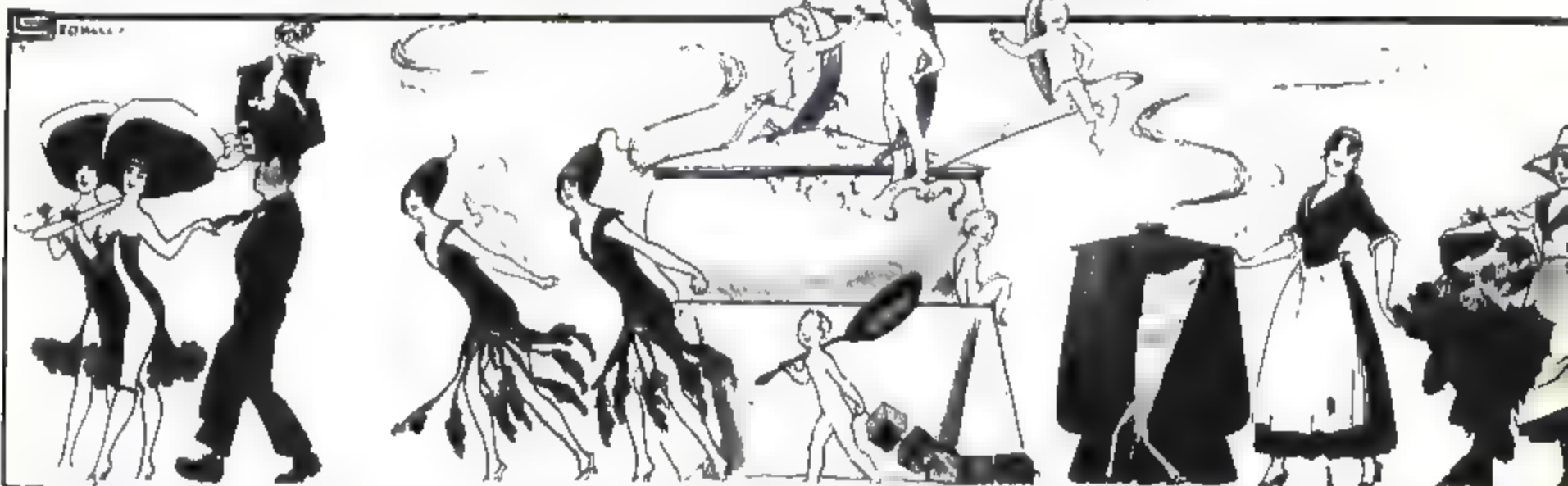
He walked faster, realizing that he knew nothing of their customs. He only hoped that they didn't run to long drawn-out ceremonies. Even an hour on this inimical world had tired him. He was hungry, badly in need of a shower...

Something intensely cold jarred him backward. He looked around apprehensively. Was this some unknown property of the planet?

He moved forward again. Another bolt lanced into him, frosting the outer layer of his hide.

This was serious. Magobians were among the toughest

FOR THE AMERICAN TOURIST IN FRANCE - a Frenchman lists his favorite dishes.



Oysters Morenae with pearl

the soups of Cracy and Saint-Germain

the incomparable bœuf bourguignon from Marseilles



Light and dark sausages from Nancy...

breast of chicken Macanais

the asparagus of Argenteuil

new peas Roscoff

Strasbourg Perigord

life-forms in the Galaxy, but they had their limits. Kalen looked around for the source of the trouble.

The aliens were *shooting* at him!

For a moment, his thinking centers refused to accept the evidence of his senses. Kalen knew what murder was. He had observed this perversity with stunned horror among certain debased animal forms. And, of course, there were the abnormal psychology books, which documented every case of premeditated murder that had occurred in the history of Mabog.

But to have such a thing actually happen to *him*! Kalen was unable to believe it.

Another bolt lanced into him. Kalen stood still, trying to convince himself that this was really happening. He couldn't understand how creatures with sufficient sense of cooperation to run a spaceship could be capable of murder.

Besides, they didn't even know him!

Almost too late, Kalen whirled and ran toward the forest. All three aliens were firing now and the grass around him was crackling white with frost. His skin surface was completely frosted over. Cold was something the Mabogian constitution was not designed for and the chill was creeping into his internal organs.

But he could still hardly believe it.

Kalen reached the forest and a double blast caught him as he slid behind a tree. He could feel his internal system laboring desperately to restore warmth to his body and, with profound regret, he allowed the darkness to take him.



"Stupid kind of alien," Agee observed, holstering his blaster.

"Stupid and strong," Barnett said. "But no oxygen-breather can take much of that." He grinned proudly and slapped the silver-gray side of the ship. "We'll christen her *Endeavor II*."

"Three cheers for the captain!" Victor cried enthusiastically.

"Save your breath," Barnett said. "You'll need it." He glanced overhead. "We've got about four hours of light left. Victor, transfer the food, oxygen and tools from *Endeavor I* and disarm her piles. We'll come back and salvage the old girl some day. But I want to blast off by sundown."

Victor hurried off. Barnett and Agee entered the ship.

The rear half of *Endeavor II* was filled with generators, engines, converters, servos, fuel and air tanks. Past that was an enormous cargo hold, occupying almost another half of the ship. It was filled with nuts of all shapes and colors, ranging in size from two inches in diameter to some twice the size of a man's head. That left only two compartments in the bow of the ship.

The first should have been a crew room, since it was the only available living space. But it was completely bare.

La Vie Parisienne — 1900



Provence Charbourg lobster tails an omelette from Mont Saint-Michel the pigeon pie of Pithiviers



Emmentaler and Roquefort cheese, and a little cheese from Switzerland Queen bee honey and sweets from Dijon and finish with a Montreuil peach BON APPETIT!



There were no deceleration cots, no tables or chairs—nothing but polished metal floor. On the walls and ceiling were several small openings, but their purpose was not readily apparent.

Connected to this room was the pilot's compartment. It was very small, barely large enough for one man, and the panel under the observation blister was packed solidly with instruments.

"It's all yours," Barnett said. "Let's see what you can do."

Agee nodded, looked for a chair, then squatted in front of the panel. He began to study the layout.

In several hours, Victor had transferred all their stores to *Endeavor II*. Agee still had not touched anything. He was trying to figure out what controlled what from the size, color, shape and location of the instruments. It wasn't easy, even accepting similar nervous systems and patterns of thought. Did the auxiliary step-up system run from left to right? If not, he would have to unlearn his previous flight coordination. Did red signify danger to the designers of this ship? If it did, that big switch could be for dumping fuel. But red could also mean hot fuel, in which case the switch might control coarse energy flow.

For all he knew, its purpose was to overload the piles in case of enemy attack.

Agee kept all this in mind as he studied the controls. He wasn't too worried. For one thing, spaceships were tough beasts, practically indestructible from the inside. For another, he believed he had caught onto the pattern.

Barnett stuck his head in the doorway, with Victor close behind him. "You ready?"

Agee looked over the panel. "Guess so." He touched a dial lightly. "This *should* control the airlocks."

He turned it. Victor and Barnett waited, perspiring, in the chilly room.

They heard the smooth flow of lubricated metal. The airlocks had closed.

Agee grinned and blew on his fingertips for luck. "Here's the air-control system." He closed a switch.

Out of the ceiling, a yellow smoke began to trickle.

"Impurities in the system," Agee muttered, adjusting a dial. Victor began to cough.

"Turn it off," Barnett said.

The smoke poured out in thick streams, filling the two rooms almost instantly.


"Turn it off!"

"I can't see it!" Agee thrust at the switch, missed and struck a button under it. Immediately the generators began to whine angrily. Blue sparks danced along the panel and jumped to the wall.

Agee staggered back from the panel and collapsed. Victor was already at the door to the cargo hold, trying to hammer it down with his fists. Barnett covered his mouth with one hand and rushed to the panel. He fumbled blindly for the switch, feeling the ship revolve giddily around him.

Victor fell to the deck, still beating feebly at the door.

Barnett jabbed blindly at the panel.



Hey,
how
about
my
change?

Instantly the generators stopped. Then Barnett felt a cold breeze on his face. He wiped his streaming eyes and looked up.

A lucky stab had closed the ceiling vents, cutting off the yellow gas. He had accidentally opened the locks, and the gas in the ship was being replaced by the cold night air of the planet. Soon the atmosphere was breathable.

Victor climbed shakily to his feet, but Agee didn't move. Barnett gave the old pilot artificial respiration, cursing softly as he did. Agee's eyelids finally fluttered and his chest began to rise and fall. A few minutes later, he sat up and shook his head.

"What was that stuff?" Victor asked.

"I'm afraid," Barnett said, "that our alien friend considered it a breathable atmosphere."

Agee shook his head. "Can't be, Captain. He was here on an oxygen world, walking around with no helmet—"

"Air requirements vary tremendously," Barnett pointed out. "Let's face it—our friend's physical makeup was quite different from ours."

"That's not so good," Agee said.

The three men looked at each other. In the silence that followed, they heard a faint, ominous sound.

"What was that?" Victor yelled, yanking out his blaster.

"Shut up!" Barnett shouted.

They listened. Barnett could feel the hairs lift on the back of his neck as he tried to identify the sound.

It came from a distance. It sounded like metal striking a hard non-metallic object.

The three men looked out the port. In the last glow of sunset, they could see the main port of *Endeavor I* was open. The sound was coming from the ship.

"It's impossible," Agee said. "The freeze-blasters—"

"Didn't kill him," Barnett finished.

"That's bad," Agee grunted. "That's very bad."

Victor was still holding his blaster. "Captain, suppose I wander over that way—"

Barnett shook his head. "He wouldn't let you within ten feet of the lock. No, let me think. Was there anything on board he could use? The piles?"

"I've got the links, Captain," Victor said.

"Good. Then there's nothing that—"

"The acid," Agee interrupted. "It's powerful stuff. But I don't suppose he can do much with that stuff."

"Not a thing," Barnett said. "We're in this ship and we're staying here. But get it off the ground now."

Agee looked at the instrument panel. Half an hour ago, he had almost understood it. Now it was a cunningly rigged death trap—a booby trap, with invisible wires leading to destruction.

The trap was unintentional. But a spaceship was necessarily a machine for living as well as traveling. The controls would try to reproduce the alien's living conditions, supply his needs.

That might be fatal to them.

"I wish I knew what kind of planet he came from," Agee said unhappily. "If they knew the alien's environment, they could anticipate what his ship would do."

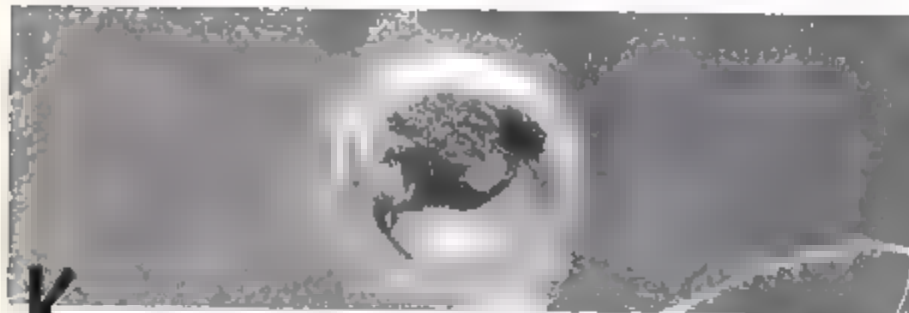
All they knew was that he breathed a poisonous yellow gas.

"We're doing all right," Barnett said without much confidence. "Just dope out the drive mechanism and we'll leave everything else alone."

Agee turned back to the controls.

Barnett wished he knew what the alien was up to.

He stared at the bulk of his old ship in the twilight and listened to the incomprehensible sound of metal striking non-metal.



Kalen was surprised to find that he was still alive. But there was a saying among his people—"Either a Magobian is killed fast or he isn't killed at all. It was not at all—so far.

Groggily, he sat up and leaned against a tree. The single red sun of the planet was low on the horizon and breezes of poisonous oxygen swirled around him. He tested at once and found that his lungs were still securely sealed. His life-giving yellow air, although vitiated from long use, was still sustaining him.

But he couldn't seem to get oriented. A few hundred yards away, his ship was resting peacefully. The fading red

light glistened from its hull and, for a moment, Kalen was convinced that there were no aliens. He had imagined the whole thing and now he would return to his ship...

He saw one of the aliens loaded down with goods, enter his vessel. In a little while, the airlocks closed.

It was true, all of it. He wrenched his mind back to grim realities.

He needed food and air badly. His outer skin was dry and cracked, and in need of nutritional cleaning. But food, air and cleaners were on his lost ship. All he had was a single red kerla nut and the thetnute bomb in his body pouch.

If he could open and eat the nut, he could regain a little strength. But how could he open it?

It was shocking, how complete his dependence on machinery had been! Now he would have to find some way of doing the most simple, ordinary, everyday things—the sort of things his ship had done automatically, without the operator even thinking about them.

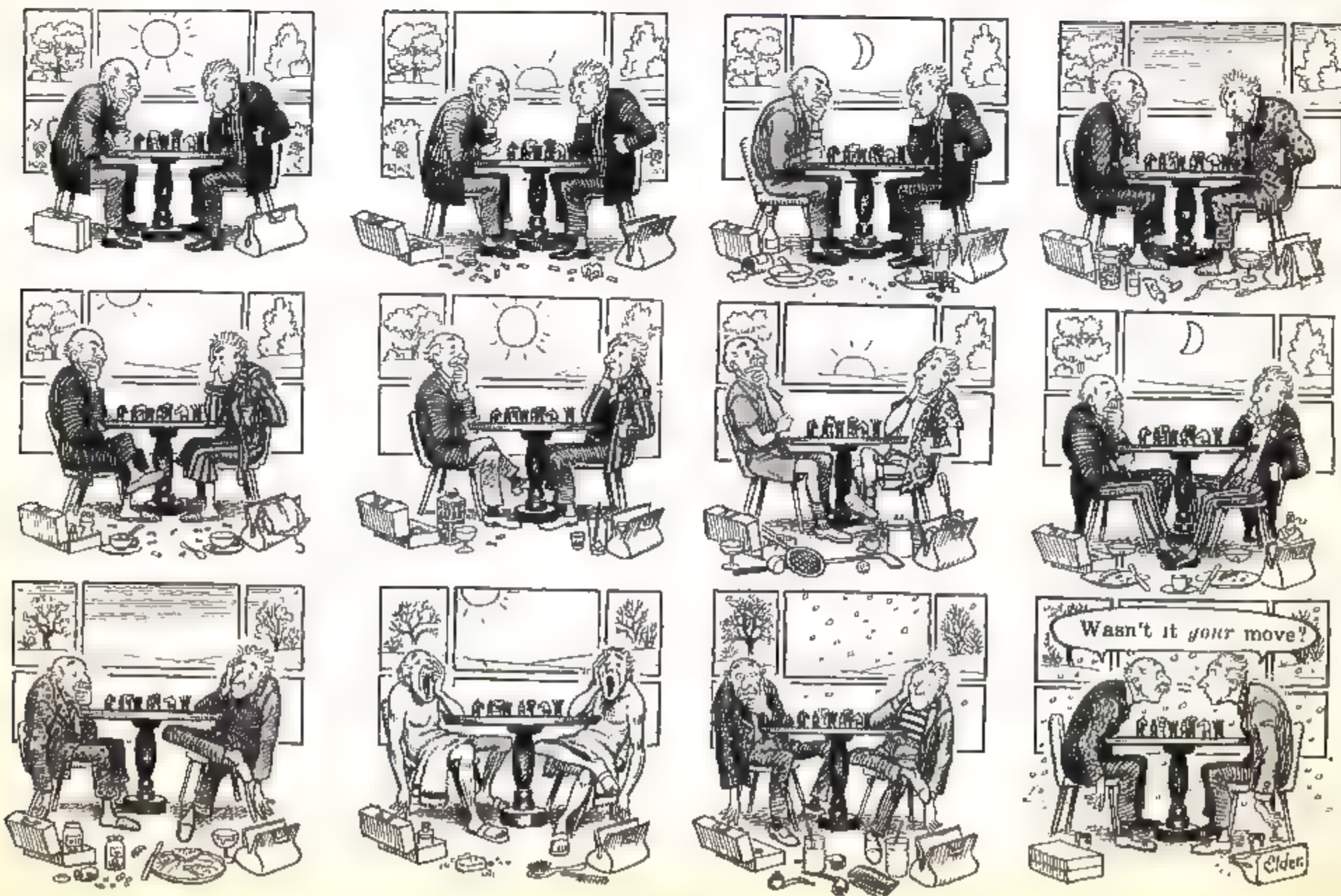
Kalen noticed that the aliens had apparently abandoned their own ship. Why? It didn't matter. Out on the plain, he would die before morning. His only chance for survival lay inside their ship.

He slid slowly through the grass, stopping only when a wave of dizziness swept over him. He tried to keep watch on his ship. If the aliens came after him now, all would be lost. But nothing happened. After an eternity of crawling, he reached the ship and slipped inside.

It was twilight. In the dimness, he could see that the

continued on page 25

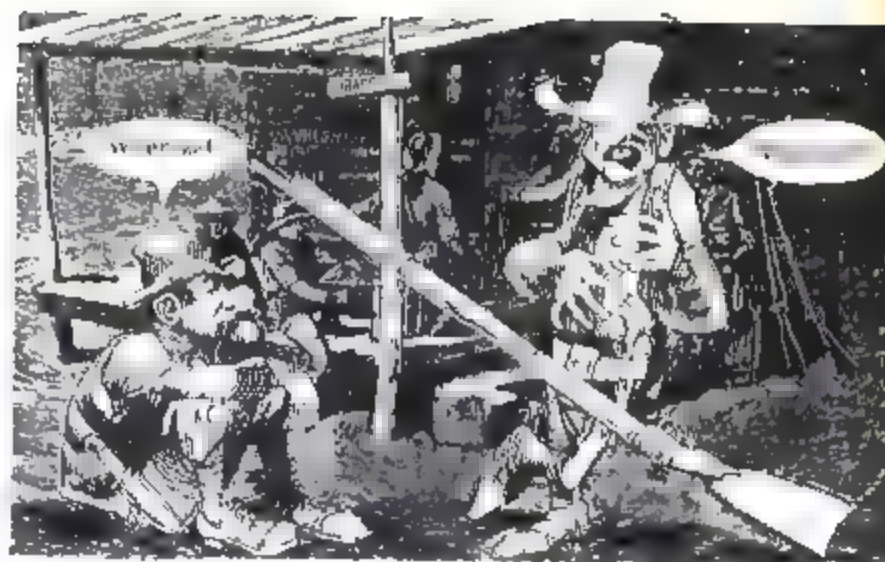
CHESS





All
right—
right—
UNCLE!

CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Davis



HANDS OFF *continued from page 20*

vessel was old. The walls, too thin in the first place, had been patched and repatched. Everything spoke of long, hard use.

He could understand why they wanted his ship.

Another wave of dizziness swept over him. It was his body's way of demanding immediate attention.

Food seemed to be the first problem. He slipped the kerla nut out of his pouch. It was round, almost four inches in diameter, and its hide was two inches thick. Nuts of this sort were the main ingredient of a Mabogian spaceman's diet. They were energy-packed and would last almost forever, sealed.

He propped the nut against a wall, found a steel bar and smashed down on it. The bar, striking the nut, emitted a hollow, drum-like sound. The nut was undamaged.

Kalen wondered if the sound could be heard by the aliens. He would have to chance it. Setting himself firmly, he flailed away. In fifteen minutes, he was exhausted and the bar was bent almost in half.

The nut was undamaged.

He was unable to open the nut without a Cracker, a standard device on every Magobian ship. No one ever thought of opening a nut in any other way.

It was a terrifying evidence of his helplessness.

He lifted the bar for another whack and found that his limbs were stiffening. He dropped the bar and took stock.

His chilled outer hide was hampering his motions. The skin was hardening slowly into impervious horn. Once the hardening was completed, he would be immobilized. Frozen in position, he would sit or stand until he died of suffocation.

Kalen fought back a wave of despair and tried to think. He had to treat his skin without delay. That was more important than food. On board his own ship, he would wash and bathe it, soften and eventually cure it. But it was doubtful whether the aliens carried the proper cleansers.

The only other course was to rip off his outer hide. The second layer would be tender for a few days, but at least he would be mobile.

He searched on stiffening limbs for a Changer. Then he realized that the aliens wouldn't have even this piece of basic apparatus. He was still on his own.

He took the steel bar, bent it into a hook and inserted the point under a fold of skin. He yanked upward with all his strength.

His skin refused to yield.

Next, he wedged himself between a generator and the wall and inserted the hook in a different way. But his arms weren't long enough to gain leverage, and the tough hide held stubbornly.

He tried a dozen different positions, unsuccessfully. Without mechanical assistance, he couldn't hold himself rigidly enough.

Wearily, he dropped the bar. He could do nothing, nothing at all. Then he remembered the thetnite bomb in his pouch.

A primitive part of his mind which he had not previously known existed said that there was an easy way out of all this. He could slip the bomb under the hull of his ship, while the aliens weren't looking. The light charge would

do no more than throw the ship twenty or thirty feet into the air, but would not really damage it.

The aliens, however, would undoubtedly be killed.

Kalen was horrified. How could he think such a thing? The Magobian ethic, ingrained in the fiber of his being forbade the taking of intelligent life for any reason whatsoever. Any reason.

"But wouldn't this be justified?" that primitive portion of his mind whispered. "These aliens are diseased. You would be doing the Universe a favor by getting rid of them and only incidentally helping yourself. Don't think of it as murder. Consider it extermination.

He took the bomb out of his pouch and looked at it, then hastily put it away. "No!" he told himself, with less conviction.

He refused to think any more. On tired, almost rigid limbs, he began to search the alien ship, looking for something that would save his life.



Agee was crouched in the pilot's compartment, wearily marking switches with an indelible pencil. His lungs ached and he had been working all night. Now there was a bleak gray dawn outside and a chill wind was whipping around *Endeavor II*. The spaceship was lighted but cold, for Agee didn't want to touch the temperature controls.

Victor came into the crew room, staggering under the weight of a heavy packing case.

"Barnett?" Agee called out.

"He's coming," Victor said.

The captain wanted all their equipment up front, where they could get at it quickly. But the crew room was small and he had used most of the available space.

Looking around for a spot to put the case Victor noticed a door in one wall. He pressed its stud and the door slid smartly into the ceiling, revealing a room the size of a closet. Victor decided it would make an ideal storage space.

Ignoring the crushed red shells on the floor, he slid the case inside.

Immediately, the ceiling of the little room began to descend.

Victor let out a yell that could be heard throughout the ship. He leaped up—and slammed his head against the ceiling. He fell on his face, stunned.

Agee rushed out of the pilot's compartment and Barnett sprinted into the room. Barnett grabbed Victor's legs and tried to drag him out, but Victor was heavy and the captain was unable to get a purchase on the smooth metal floor.

With rare presence of mind, Agee up-ended the packing case. The ceiling was momentarily stopped by it.

Together, Barnett and Agee tugged at Victor's legs. They managed to drag him out just in time. The heavy case splintered and, in another moment, was crushed like a piece of balsa wood.

The ceiling of the little room, descending on a greased shaft, compressed the packing case to a six-inch thickness. Then its gears clicked and it slid back into place without a sound.

Victor sat up and rubbed his head. "Captain," he said plaintively, "can't we get our own ship back?"

Agee was doubtful of the venture, too. He looked at the deadly little room, which again resembled a closet with crushed red shells on the floor.

"Sure seems like a jinx ship," he said worriedly. "Maybe Victor's right."

"You want to give her up?" Barnett asked.

Agee squirmed uncomfortably and nodded. "Trouble is," he said, not looking at Barnett, "we don't know what she'll do next. It's just too risky, Captain."

"Do you realize what you'd be giving up?" Barnett challenged. "Her hull alone is worth a fortune. Have you looked at her engines? There's nothing this side of Earth that could stop her. She could drill her way through a planet and come out the other side with all her paint on. And you want to give her up?"

"She won't be worth much if she kills us," Agee objected.

Victor nodded emphatically. Barnett stared at them.

"Now listen to me carefully," Barnett said. "We are *not* going to give up this ship. She is *not* jinxed. She's alien and filled with alien apparatus. All we have to do is keep our hands off things until we reach drydock. Understand?"

Agee wanted to say something about closets that turned

into hydraulic presses. It didn't seem to him a promising sign for the future. But, looking at Barnett's face, he decided against it.

"Have you marked all the operating controls?" Barnett asked.

"Just a few more to go," Agee said.

"Right. Finish up and those are the only ones we'll touch. If we leave the rest of the ship alone, she'll leave us alone. There's no danger if we just keep *hands off*."

Barnett wiped perspiration from his face, leaned against a wall and unbuttoned his coat.

Immediately, two metal bands slid out of openings on either side of him and circled his waist and stomach.

Barnett stared at them for a moment, then threw himself forward with all his strength. The band didn't give. There was a peculiar clicking sound in the walls and a sender wire filament slid out. It touched Barnett's coat appraisingly, then retreated into the wall.

Agee and Victor stared helplessly.

"Turn it off," Barnett said tensely.

Agee rushed into the control room. Victor continued staring. Out of the wall slid a metal limb, tipped with a glittering three-inch blade.

"Stop it!" Barnett screamed.

Victor unfroze. He ran up and tried to wrench the metal limb out of the wall. It twisted once and then sent him reeling across the room.

With the precision of a surgeon, the knife slit Barnett's coat down the middle, not touching the shirt underneath. Then the limb slid out of sight.



Agee was punching controls now and the generators whined, the locks opened and closed, stabilizers twitched, lights flickered. The mechanism that held Barnett was unaffected.

The slender filament returned. It touched Barnett's shirt and paused an instant. The internal mechanism chattered alarmingly. The filament touched Barnett's shirt again, as if unsure of its function in this case.

Agee shouted from the control room, "I can't turn it off. It must be fully automatic!"

The filament slid into the wall. It disappeared and the knife-tipped limb slid out.

By this time, Victor had located a heavy wrench. He rushed over, swung it above his head and smashed it against the limb, narrowly missing Barnett's head.

The limb was not even dented. Serenely, it cut Barnett's shirt from his back, leaving him naked to the waist.

Barnett was not hurt, but his eyes rolled wildly as the filament came out. Victor put his fist in his mouth and backed away. Agee shut his eyes.

The filament touched Barnett's warm living flesh, clucked approvingly and slid back into the wall. The bands opened Barnett tumbled to his knees.

For a while, no one spoke. There was nothing to say. Barnett stared moodily into space. Victor started to crack his knuckles over and over again, until Agee nudged him.

The old pilot was trying to figure out why the mechanism had slit Barnett's clothing and then stopped when it reached living flesh. Was this the way the alien undressed himself? It didn't make sense. But then, the press-closet

didn't make sense, either.

In a way, he was glad it had happened. It must have taught Barnett something. Now they would leave this jinxed monstrosity and figure out a way of regaining their own ship.

"Get me a shirt," Barnett said. Victor hurriedly found one for him. Barnett slipped it on, staying clear of the walls. "How soon can you get this ship moving?" he asked Agee, a bit unsteadily.

"What?"

"You heard me."

"Haven't you had enough?" Agee gasped.

"No. How soon can we blast out?"

"About another hour," Agee grumbled. What else could he say? The captain was just too much. Wearily, Agee returned to the control room.

Barnett put a sweater over the shirt and a coat over that. I was chilly in the room and he had begun to shiver violently.



Kalen lay motionless on the deck of the alien ship. Foolishly, he had wasted most of his remaining strength in trying to rip off his stiff outer hide. But the hide grew

EXCITING FASHION IDEA — THE ANKLE WATCH — A daring proposal to place a time-piece in the buckle of Milady's shoe —



GETTING UP
"O dear — noontime already."



THE COCKTAIL HOUR
"Woops! I think it's time to leave."



THE QUICK LUNCH
"Time to catch my train — Now if I can get the waiter's attention —."



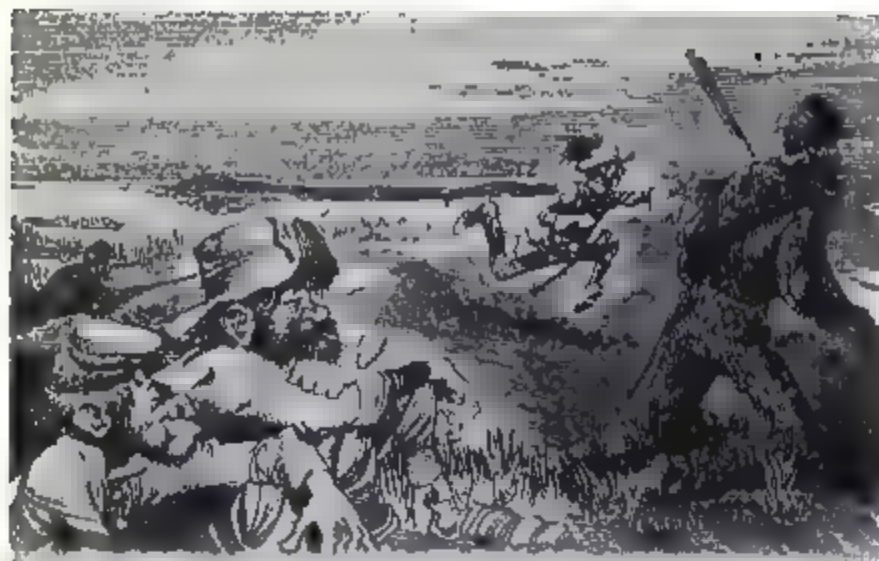
THE LADY DOCTOR
"Eighty beats per minute — you certainly have a fever."



THE SOCIAL CALL
"I'd love to continue our talk Mr. Valentino but I keep looking at the time and —."



WINDING THE WATCH
"When my timepiece stops — everything stops."



progressively tougher as he grew weaker. Now it seemed hardly worthwhile to move. Better to rest and feel his internal fires burn lower . . .

Soon he was dreaming of the ridged hills of Mabog and the great port of Canthanope, where the interstellar traders swung down with their strange cargoes. He was there in twilight, looking over the flat roofs at the two great setting suns. But why were they setting together in the south, the blue sun and the yellow? How could they set together in the south? A physical impossibility . . . Perhaps his father could explain it, for it was rapidly growing dark.

He shook himself out of the fantasy and stared at the grim light of morning. This was not the way for a Mabogian spaceman to die. He would try again.

After half an hour of slow, painful searching, he found a sealed metal box in the rear of the ship. The aliens had evidently overlooked it. He wrenched off the top. Inside were several bottles, carefully fastened and padded against shock. Kalen lifted one and examined it.

It was marked with a large white symbol. There was no reason why he should know the symbol, but it seemed faintly familiar. He searched his memory, trying to recall where he had seen it.

Then, hazily, he remembered. It was a representation of a humanoid skull. There was one humanoid race in the Mabogian Union and he had seen replicas of their skulls in a museum.

But why would anyone put such a thing on a bottle?

To Kalen, a skull conveyed an emotion of reverence.

This must be what the manufacturers had intended. He opened the bottle and sniffed.

The odor was interesting. It reminded him of—
Skin-cleansing solution!

Without further delay, he poured the entire bottle over himself. Hardly daring to hope, he waited. If he could put his skin back into working order . . .

Yes, the liquid in the skull-marked bottle was a mild cleanser! It was pleasantly scented, too.

He poured another bottle over his armored hide and felt the nutritious fluid seep in. His body, starved for nourishment, called eagerly for more. He drained another bottle.

For a long time, Kalen just lay back and let the life-giving fluid soak in. His skin loosened and became pliable. He could feel a new surge of energy within him, a new will to live.

He would live!

After the bath, Kalen examined the spaceship's controls, hoping to pilot the old crate back to Mabog. There were immediate difficulties. For some reason, the piloting controls weren't sealed into a separate room. He wondered why not? Those strange creatures couldn't have turned their hole ship into a deceleration chamber. They couldn't! There wasn't enough tank space to hold the fluid.

It was perplexing, but everything about the aliens was perplexing. He could overcome that difficulty. But when Kalen inspected the engines, he saw that a vital link had been removed from the piles. They were useless.



I have
to go back in
the house. There's —
there's something
I forgot.

That left only one alternative. He had to win back his own ship.

But how?

He paced the deck restlessly. The Mabogian ethic forbade killing intelligent life, and there were no ifs or buts about it. Under no circumstances—not even to save your own life—were you allowed to kill. It was a wise rule and had served Mabog well. By strict adherence to it, the Mabogians had avoided war for three thousand years and had trained their people to a high degree of civilization. Which would have been impossible had they allowed exceptions to creep in. Ifs and buts could erode the soundest of principles.

He could not be a backslider.

But was he going to die here passively?

Looking down, Kalen was surprised to see that a puddle of cleaning solution had eaten a hole in the deck. How flimsily these ships were made—even a mild cleaning solution could damage one! The aliens themselves must be very weak.

One thetinite bomb could do it.

He walked to the port. No one seemed to be on guard. He supposed they were too busy preparing for takeoff. It would be easy to slide through the grass, up to his ship . . .

And no one on Mabog would ever have to know about it.

Kalen found, to his surprise, that he had covered almost half the distance between ships without realizing it.

Strange, how his body could do things without his mind being aware of it.

He took out the bomb and crawled another twenty feet.

Because after all—taking the long view—what difference would this killing make?



"Aren't you ready yet?" Barnett asked, at noon.

"I guess so," Agee said. He looked over the marked panel. "As ready as I'll ever be."

Barnett nodded. "Victor and I will strap down in the crew room. Take off under minimum acceleration."

Barnett returned to the crew room. Agee fastened the straps he had rigged and rubbed his hands together nervously. As far as he knew, all the essential controls were marked. Everything should go all right, He hoped.

For there were that closet and the knife. It was anyone's guess what this insane ship would do next.

"Ready out here," Barnett called from the crew room.

"All right. About ten seconds." He closed and sealed the airlocks. His door closed automatically, cutting him off from the crew room. Feeling a slight touch of claustrophobia.

continued on page 31

No,
Richard Nixon,
you cannot join
the clan.



HANDS OFF *continued from page 29*

phobia, Agee activated the piles. Everything was fine so far.

There was a thin slick of oil on the deck. Agee decided it was from a loose joint and ignored it. The control surfaces worked beautifully. He punched a course into the ship's tape and activated the flight controls.

Then he felt something lapping against his foot. Looking down, he was amazed to see that thick, evil-smelling oil was almost three inches deep on the deck. It was quite a leak. He couldn't understand how a ship as well built as this could have such a flaw. Unstrapping himself, he groped for the source.

He found it. There were four small vents in the deck and each of them was feeding a smooth, even flow of oil.

Agee punched the stud that opened his door and found that it remained sealed. Refusing to grow panicky, he examined the door with care.

It *should* open.

It didn't.

The oil was almost up to his knees.

He grinned foolishly. Stupid of him! The pilot room was sealed from the control board. He pressed the release and went back to the door.

It still refused to open.

Agee tugged at it with all his strength, but it wouldn't budge. He waded back to the control panel. There had been no oil when they found the ship. That meant there had to be a drain somewhere.

The oil was waist-deep before he found it. Quickly the oil disappeared. Once it was gone, the door opened easily.

"What's the matter?" Barnett asked.

Agee told him.

"So that's how he does it," Barnett said quietly. "Glad I found out."

"Does what?" Agee asked, feeling that Barnett was taking the whole thing too lightly.

"How he stands the acceleration of takeoff. It bothered me. He hadn't anything on board that resembled a bed or cot. No chairs, nothing to strap into. So he floats in the oil bath, which turns on automatically when the ship is prepared for flight."

"But why wouldn't the door open?" Agee asked.

"Isn't it obvious?" Barnett said, smiling patiently. "He wouldn't want oil all over the ship. And he wouldn't want it to drain out accidentally."

"We can't take off," Agee insisted.

"Why not?"

"Because I can't breathe very well under oil. It turns on automatically with the power and there's no way of turning it off."

"Use your head," Barnett told him. "Just tie down the drain switch. The oil will be carried away as fast as it comes in."

"Yeah, I hadn't thought of that," Agee admitted unhappily.

"Go ahead, then."

"I want to change my clothes first."

"No. Get this damned ship off the ground."

"But, Captain—"

"Get her moving," Barnett ordered. "For all we know, that alien is planning something."

Agee shrugged his shoulders, returned to the pilot room and strapped in.

"Ready?"

"Yes, get her moving."

He tied down the drain circuit and the oil flowed safely in and out, not rising higher than the tops of his shoes. He activated all the controls without further incident.

"Here goes." He set minimum acceleration and blew on his fingertips for luck.

Then he punched the blast-switch.



With profound regret, Kalen watched his ship depart. He was still holding the thetnite bomb in his hand.

He had reached his ship, had even stood under her for a few seconds. Then he had crept back to the alien vessel. He had been unable to set the bomb. Centuries of conditioning were too much to overcome in a few hours.

Conditioning—and something more.

Few individuals of any race murder for pleasure. There are perfectly adequate reasons to kill, though reasons which might satisfy any philosopher.

But, once accepted, there are more reasons, and more and more. And murder, once accepted, is hard to stop. It leads irresistibly to war and, from there, to annihilation.

Kalen felt that this murder somehow involved the destiny of his race. His abstinence had been almost a matter of race-survival.

But it didn't make him feel any better.

He watched his ship dwindle to a dot in the sky. The aliens were leaving at a ridiculously slow speed. He could think of no reason for this, unless they were doing it for his benefit.

Undoubtedly they were sadistic enough for that.

Kalen returned to the ship. His will to live was as strong as ever. He had no intention of giving up. He would hang onto life as long as he could, hoping for the one chance in a million that would bring another ship to this planet.

Looking around, he thought that he might concoct an air substitute out of the skull-marked cleanser. It would sustain him for a day or two. Then, if he could open the kerla nut...

He thought he heard a noise outside and rushed to look. The sky was empty. His ship had vanished, and he was alone.



He returned to the alien ship and set about the serious business of staying alive.

As Agee recovered consciousness, he found that he had managed to cut the acceleration in half, just before passing out. This was the only thing that had saved his life.

And the acceleration, hovering just above zero on the dial, was still unbearably heavy! Agee unsealed the door and crawled out.

Barnett and Victor had burst their straps on the takeoff. Victor was just returning to consciousness. Barnett picked himself out of a pile of smashed cases.

"Do you think you're flying in a circus?" he complained. "I told you *minimum acceleration*."

"I started *under* minimum acceleration," Agee said. "Go read the tape for yourself."

Barnett marched to the control room. He came out quickly.

"That's bad. Our alien friend operates this ship at three times our acceleration."

"That's the way it looks."

"I hadn't thought of that," Barnett said thoughtfully. "He must have come from a heavy planet—a place where you have to blast out at high speed, if you expect to get out at all."

"What hit me?" Victor groaned, rubbing his head.

There was a clicking in the walls. The ship was fully awake now, and its servos turned on automatically.

"Getting warm, isn't it?" Victor asked.

"Yeah, and thick," Agee said. "Pressure buildup." He went back to the control room. Barnett and Victor stood anxiously in the doorway, waiting.

"I can't turn it off," Agee said, wiping perspiration from his streaming face. "The temperature and pressure are automatic. They must go to 'normal' as soon as the ship is in flight."

"You damn well better turn them off," Barnett told him. "We'll fry in here if you don't."

"There's no way."

"He must have some kind of heat regulation."

"Sure—there!" Agee said, pointing. "The control is already set at its lowest point."

"What do you suppose his normal temperature is?" Barnett asked.

"I'd hate to find out," Agee said. "This ship is built of extremely high melting-point alloys. It's constructed to withstand ten times the pressure of an Earth ship. Put those together . . ."

"You must be able to turn it off somewhere!" Barnett said. He peeled off his jacket and sweater. The heat was mounting rapidly and the deck was becoming too hot to stand on.

"Turn it off!" Victor howled.

"Wait a minute," Agee said. "I didn't build this ship, you know. How should I know—"

"Off!" Victor screamed, shaking Agee up and down like a rag doll. "Off!"

"Let go!" Agee half-drew his blaster. Then, in a burst of inspiration, he turned off the ship's engines.

The clicking in the walls stopped.

The room began to cool.

"What happened?" Victor asked.

"The temperature and pressure fall when the power is off," Agee said. "We're safe—as long as we don't run the engines."

"How long will it take us to coast to a port?" Barnett asked.

Agee figured it out. "About three years," he said. "We're pretty far out."

"Isn't there any way we can rip out those servos? Disconnect them?"

"They're built into the guts of the ship," Agee said. "We'd need a full machine shop and skilled help. Even then, it wouldn't be easy."

THE LAST NIGHT AT MINGLE MANOR—WHERE THE MESSES MINGLE—by B. Wise



Barnett was silent for a long time. Finally he said, "All right."

"All right, what?"

"We're licked. We've got to go back to that planet and take our own ship."

Agee heaved a sigh of relief and punched a new course on the ship's tape.

"You think the alien'll give it back?" Victor asked.

"Sure he will," Barnett said, "if he's not dead. He'll be pretty anxious to get his own ship back. And he has to leave our ship to get in his."

"Sure. But once he gets back in this ship . . ."

"We'll gimmick the controls," Barnett said. "That'll slow him down."

"For a little while," Agee pointed out. "But he'll get into the air sooner or later, with blood in his eye. We'll never outrun him."

"We won't have to," Barnett said. "All we have to do is get into the air first. He's got a strong hull, but I don't think it'll take three atomic bombs."

"I hadn't thought of that," Agee said, smiling faintly.

"Only logical move," Barnett said complacently. "The alloys in the hull will still be worth something. Now, get us back without frying us, if you

can."

Agee turned the engines on. He swung the ship around in a tight curve, piling on all the Gs they could stand. The servos clicked on, and the temperature shot rapidly up. Once the curve was rounded, Agee pointed *Endeavor II* in the right direction and shut off the engines.

They coasted most of the way. But when they reached the planet, Agee had to leave the engines on, to bring them around the deceleration spiral and into the landing.

They were barely able to get out of the ship. Their skins were blistered and their shoes burned through. There was no time to gimmick the controls.

They retreated to the woods and waited.

"Perhaps he's dead," Agee said hopefully.

They saw a small figure emerge from *Endeavor I*. The alien was moving slowly, but he was moving.

They watched. "Suppose," Victor said, "he's made a weapon of some kind. Suppose he comes after us."

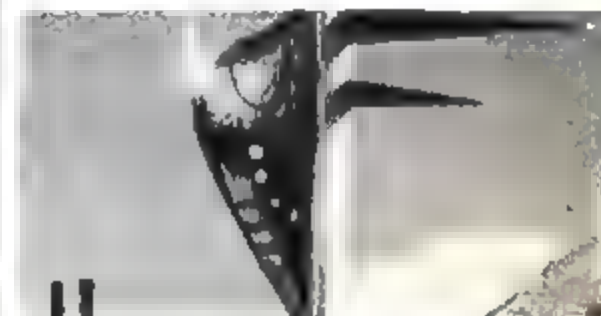
"Suppose you shut up," Barnett said.

The alien walked directly to his own ship. He went inside and shut the locks.

"All right," Barnett said, standing up. "We'd better blast off in a hurry. Agee, you take the controls. I'll connect the piles. Victor, you secure the locks. Let's go!"

They sprinted across the plain and, in a matter of seconds, had reached the open airlock of *Endeavor I*.

Even if he had wanted to hurry, Kalen didn't have the necessary strength to pilot his ship. But he knew that he was safe, once inside. No alien was going to walk through those sealed ports.



He found a spare air tank in the rear and opened it. His ship filled with rich, life-giving yellow air. For long minutes, Kalen just breathed it.

Then he lugged three of the biggest kerla nuts he could find to the galley and let the Cracker open them.



After eating, he felt much better. He let the Changer take off his outer hide. The second layer was dead, too, and the Changer cut that off him, but stopped at the third, living layer.

He was almost as good as new when he slipped into the pilot's room.

It was apparent to him now that the aliens had been temporarily insane. There was no other way to explain why they had come back and returned his ship.

Therefore, he would find their authorities and report the location of the planet. They could be found and cured, once and for all.

Kalen felt very happy. He had not deviated from the Mabogian ethic, and that was the important thing. He could so easily have left the thetinite bomb in their ship, all set and timed. He could have wrecked their engines. And there *had* been a temptation.

But he had not. He had done nothing at all.

All he had done was construct a few minimum essentials for the preservation of life.

Kalen activated his controls and found that everything was in perfect working order. The acceleration fluid poured in as he turned on the piles.

Victor reached the airlock first and dashed in. Instantly, he was hurled back.

"What happened?" Barnett asked.

"Something hit me," Victor said.

Cautiously, they looked inside.

It was a very neat death trap. Wires from the storage batteries had been hooked in series and rigged across the

port. If Victor had been touching the side of the ship, he would have been electrocuted instantly.

They shorted out the system and entered the ship.

It was a mess. Everything movable had been ripped up and strewn around. There was a bent steel bar in a corner. Their high-potency acid had been spilled over the deck and had eaten through in several places. The *Endeavor's* old hull was holed.

"I never thought *he'd* gimmick *us!*" Agee said.

They explored further. Toward the rear was another booby trap. The cargo hold door had been cunningly rigged to the small starter motor. If anyone touched it, the door would be slammed against the wall. A man caught between would be crushed.

There were other hookups that gave no hint of their purpose.

"Can we fix it?" Barnett asked.

Agee shrugged his shoulders. "Most of our tools are still on board *Endeavor II*. I suppose we can get her patched up inside of a year. But even then, I don't know if the hull will hold."

They walked outside. The alien ship blasted off.

"What a monster!" Barnett said, looking at the acid-eaten hull of his ship.

"You can never tell what an alien will do," Agee answered.

"The only good alien is a dead alien," Victor said.

Endeavor I was now as incomprehensible and dangerous as *Endeavor II*.

And *Endeavor II* was gone.

©1954 by Galaxy Publishing Corporation

END

FRENCH TELEPHONES Some bugged conversations and views



The Fiances

He: Ah - my love, my bon-bon, my flower . . .

She: Shh!

He: How I long for the moment when you will swoon in my arms . . .

She: Shh!

He: . . . and when your mother won't be around to . . .

A Furious Voice: Your connection has been cut, young man!



The Jealous Lover

He: Where have you been! I demand to know!

She: Now darling, I'm in a lingerie shop . . .

He: But you've been there for four hours . . .

She: Yes, I know, but I've been trying on the most divine slips, and just now, someone is going to show me a lovely bed-jacket . . . I'm sure you'll like it very much.

He (acidly): Naturally. You always find someone to like your bed-jackets.



I haven't
been able to
do a thing with
her ever since the
.Japanese
riots.



The Lovers


He: Oh! my darling Adele . oh!
She: Ah! my own Robert . ah!
He: Oh! Oh! Oh!
She: Ah! Ah! Ah!
The telephone operator. Another
virtue hanging only by a tele-
phone wire!



The Businessmen

— I won't pay; I never signed a
thing
— O, but I have a photostat of
the letter proving that you
did.
— And I have proof that that
letter is forged
— There, there, my dear Car-
touche I was only joking!
— As was I, my dear Mandrin,
anything for a laugh .
When shall we have lunch
together?





I don't care if
you are the new premier, we're
going to the same lunch-counters
as everybody else!

CONRADIN
WAS
DREADFULLY
AFRAID
OF THE LITHE SHARP-
FANGED BEAST, BUT
IT WAS HIS
MOST TREASURED
POSSESSION . . .

Srendi Vashitar

by Saki

Conradin
was ten years
old, and the doctor
had pronounced
his professional
opinion that the boy
would not live
another five years.

The doctor was silky and
affable, and counted
for little, but his opinion
was endorsed by Mrs. De

Ropp, who counted for
nearly everything. Mrs. De

Ropp was Conradin's cousin
and guardian, and in his

eyes she represented those
three-fifths of the world

that are necessary and disagreeable
and real; the other two-fifths,

in perpetual antagonism to
the foregoing, were summed

up in himself and his
imagination. One of these days

Conradin supposed he

would succumb to the
mastering pressure of
wearisome necessary

things — such as ill-

continued

nesses and coddling restrictions and drawnout dullness. Without his imagination, which was rampant under the spur of loneliness, he would have succumbed long ago.

Mrs. De Ropp would never, in her honestest moments, have confessed to herself that she disliked Conradin, though she might have been dimly aware that thwarting him "for his good" was a duty which she did not find particularly irksome. Conradin hated her with a desperate sincerity which he was perfectly able to mask. Such few pleasures as he could contrive for himself gained an added relish from the likelihood that they would be displeasing to his guardian.

In the dull, cheerless garden, overlooked by so many windows that were ready to open with a message not to do this or that, or a reminder that medicines were due, he found little attraction. The few fruit-trees that it contained were set jealously apart from his plucking, as though they were rare specimens of their kind blooming in an arid waste; it would probably have been difficult to find a market-gardener who would have offered ten shillings for their entire yearly produce. In a forgotten corner, however, almost hidden behind a dismal shrubbery, was a disused tool-shed of respectable proportions, and within its walls Conradin found a haven, something that took on the varying aspects of a playroom and a cathedral. He had peopled it with a legion of familiar phantoms, evoked partly from fragments of history and partly from his own brain, but it also boasted two inmates of flesh and blood. In one corner lived a ragged-plumaged Houdan hen, on which the boy lavished an affection that had scarcely another outlet. Further back in the gloom stood a large hutch, divided into two compartments, one of which was fronted with close iron bars. This was the abode of a large polecat-ferret, which a friendly butcher-boy had once smuggled, cage and all, into its present quarters, in exchange for a long-secreted hoard of small silver. Conradin was dreadfully afraid of the lithe-sharp-fanged beast, but it was his most treasured possession. Its very presence in the tool-shed was a secret and fearful joy, to be kept scrupulously from the knowledge of the Woman, as he privately dubbed his cousin. And one day, out of Heaven knows what material, he spun the beast a wonderful name, and from that moment it grew into a god and a religion. The Woman indulged in religion once a week at a church near by, and took Conradin with her, but to him the church service was an alien rite in the House of Rimmon. Every Thursday, in the dim and musty silence of the tool-shed, he worshipped with mystic and elaborate ceremonial before the wooden hutch where dwelt Sredni Vashtar, the great ferret. Red flowers in their season and scarlet berries in the winter-time were offered at his shrine, for he was a god who laid some special stress on the fierce impatient side of things, as opposed to the Woman's religion, which, as far as Conradin could observe, went to great lengths in the contrary direction. And on great festivals powdered nutmeg was strewn in front of his hutch, an important feature of the offering being that the nutmeg had to be stolen. These festivals were of irregular occurrence, and were chiefly appointed to celebrate some passing event. On one occasion, when Mrs. De Ropp suffered from acute toothache for three days, Conradin kept up the festival during the entire three days, and almost succeeded in

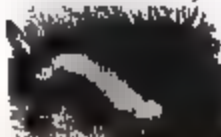
persuading himself that Sredni Vashtar was personally responsible for the toothache. If the malady had lasted for another day the supply of nutmeg would have given out.

The Houdan hen was never drawn into the cult of Sredni Vashtar. Conradin had long ago settled that she was an Anabaptist. He did not pretend to have the remotest knowledge as to what an Anabaptist was, but he privately hoped that it was dashing and not very respectable. Mrs. De Ropp was the ground plan on which he based and detested all respectability.

After a while Conradin's absorption in the tool-shed began to attract the notice of his guardian. "It is not good for him to be pottering down there in all weathers," she promptly decided, and at breakfast one morning she announced that the Houdan hen had been sold and taken away overnight. With her short-sighted eyes she peered at Conradin, waiting for an outbreak of rage and sorrow which she was ready to rebuke with a flow of excellent precepts and reasoning. But Conradin said nothing. Something perhaps in his white set face gave her a momentary qualm, for at tea that afternoon there was toast on the table a delicacy which she usually banned.

"I thought you liked toast," she exclaimed with an injured air, observing that he did not touch it.

"Sometimes," said Conradin.

 In the shed that evening there was an innovation in worship of the hutch-god. Conradin had been wont to chant his praises, tonight he asked a boon.

"Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

The thing was not specified. As Sredni Vashtar was a god he must be supposed to know. And choking back a sob as he looked at that other empty corner, Conradin went back to the world he so hated.

And every night, in the welcome darkness of his bedroom, and every evening in the dusk of the tool-shed, Conradin's bitter litany went up: "Do one thing for me, Sredni Vashtar."

Mrs. De Ropp noticed that the visits to the shed did not stop, and one day she made a further journey of inspection.

"What are you keeping in that locked hutch?" she asked. "I believe it's guinea-pigs. I'll have them all cleared away."

Conradin shut his lips tight, but the Woman ransacked his bedroom till she found the carefully hidden key, and forthwith marched down to the shed to complete her discovery. It was a cold afternoon, and Conradin had been bidden to keep to the house. From the furthest window of the dining-room the door of the shed could just be seen beyond the corner of the shrubbery, and there Conradin stationed himself. He saw the Woman enter, and then he imagined her opening the door of the sacred hutch and peering down with her short-sighted eyes into the thick straw bed where his god lay hidden. Perhaps she would prod at the straw in her clumsy impatience. And Conradin fervently breathed his prayer for the last time. But he knew as he prayed that he did not believe. He knew that the Woman would come out presently with that nursed

continued on page 40



Criminy!
Shut that
door!

Sredni Vashtar *cont'd from pg. 38*

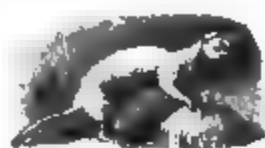
smile he loathed so well on her face, and that in an hour or two the gardener would carry away his wonderful god, a god no longer, but a simple brown ferret in a hutch. And he knew that the Woman would triumph always as she triumphed now, and that he would grow ever more sickly under her pestering and domineering and superior wisdom, till one day nothing would matter much more with him, and the doctor would be proved right. And in the sting and misery of his defeat, he began to chant loudly and defiantly the hymn of his threatened idol:

Sredni Vashtar went forth,
His thoughts were red thoughts and his teeth were white.
His enemies called for peace, but he brought them death.

Sredni Vashtar the Beautiful.

And then of a sudden he stopped his chanting and drew closer to the window-pane. The door of shed still stood ajar as it had been left, and the minutes were slipping by. They were long minutes, but they slipped nevertheless. He watched the starlings running and flying in little parties across the lawn, he counted them over and over again, with one eye always on that swinging door. A sour-faced maid came in to lay the table for tea, and still Conradin stood and waited and watched. Hope had crept by inches into his heart, and now a look of triumph began to blaze in his eyes that had only known the wistful patience of defeat. Under his breath, with a furtive exultation, he began once again the psalm of victory and devastation. And presently his eyes were rewarded: out through that

doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of jaws and throat. Conradin dropped on his knees. The great polecat-ferret made its way down to a small brook at the foot of the garden, drank for a moment, then crossed a little plank bridge and was lost to sight in the bushes. Such was the passing of Sredni Vashtar.



Tea is ready," said the sour-faced maid, "where is the mistress?"

"She went to the shed some time ago," said Conradin.

And while the maid went to summon her mistress to tea, Conradin fished a toasting-fork out of the sideboard drawer and proceeded to toast himself a piece of bread. And during the toasting of it and the buttering of it with much butter and the slow enjoyment of eating it, Conradin listened to the noises and silences which fell in quick spasms beyond the dining-room door. The loud foolish screaming of the maid, the answering chorus of wondering ejaculations from the kitchen region, the scuttering footsteps and hurried embassies for outside help, and then, after a lull, the scared sobbings and the shuffling tread of those who bore a heavy burden to the house.

"Whoever will break it to the poor child? I couldn't for the life of me!" exclaimed a shrill voice. And while they debated the matter among themselves, Conradin made himself another piece of toast. **END**

... and another
thing, you haven't
been to the Laundro-Mat
in weeks!

COREY ALLEN, WARREN OATES, KATE MANX IN
PRIVATE PROPERTY





THE JEALOUS HUSBAND *A tragi-comedy in six acts, with three characters, one of whom shows only his feet*



This story occurs under the blue skies and bluer lawns of Puritan New England, in the days when religion was still taken seriously by a great many people, and in the town of Plymouth where the "Mayflower", having ploughed its platitudinous way from Holland, had landed its precious cargo of pious Right Thinkers, moral Gentlemen of God, and—Priscilla.

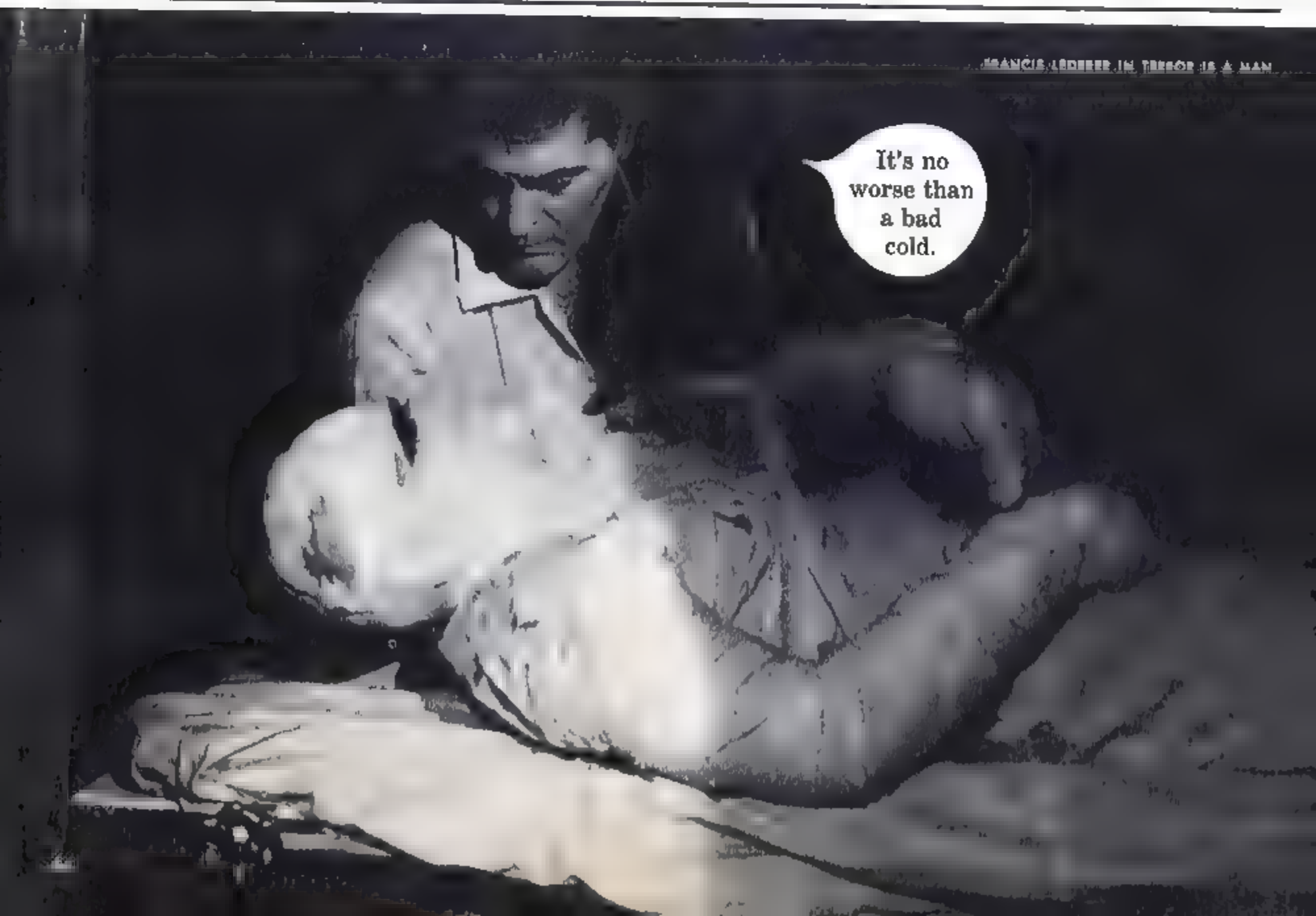
Priscilla was—well, Priscilla had yellow hair. In a later generation, in a 1921 June, if she toddled by at a country club dance you would have noticed first of all that glorious mass of bobbed corn-colored locks. You would, then, perhaps, have glanced idly at her face, and suddenly said "Oh my gosh!" The next moment you would have clutched the nearest stag and hissed, "Quick—yellow hair—silver dress—oh Judas!" You would then have been introduced, and after dancing nine feet you would have been cut in on by another panting stag. In those nine delirious feet you would have become completely dazed by one of the smoothest lines since the building of the Southern Pacific. You would then have borrowed somebody's flask, gone into the locker room and gotten an edge—not a bachelor-dinner edge but just enough to give you the proper amount of confidence. You would have returned to the ballroom, cut in on this twentieth century Priscilla, and taken her and your edge out to a convenient limousine, or the first tee.

It was of some such yellow-haired Priscilla that Homer dreamed when he smote his lyre and chanted, "I sing of arms and the man"; it was at the sight of such as she that rare Ben Johnson's Dr. Faustus cried, "Was this the

face that launched a thousand ships?" In all ages has such beauty enchanted the minds of men, calling forth in one century the Fiesolan terza rima of "Paradise Lost," in another the passionate arias of a dozen Beethoven symphonies. In 1620 the pagan daughter of Helen of Troy and Cleopatra of the Nile happened, by a characteristic jest of the great Ironist, to embark with her aunt on the "Mayflower".

Like all girls of eighteen Priscilla had learned to kiss and be kissed on every possible occasion; in the exotic and not at all uncommon pleasure of "petting" she had acquired infinite wisdom and complete disillusionment. But in all her "petting parties" on the "Mayflower" and in Plymouth she had found no Puritan who held her interest beyond the first kiss, and she had lately reverted in sheer boredom to her boarding school habit of drinking gin in large quantities—a habit which was not entirely approved of by her old-fashioned aunt, although Mrs. Brewster was glad to have her niece stay at home in the evenings "instead," as she told Mrs. Bradford, "of running around with those boys, and really, my dear, Priscilla says some of the *funniest* things when she gets a little—er—'boiled', as she calls it—you must come over some evening, and bring the governor."

Mrs. Brewster, Priscilla's aunt, is the ancestor of all New England aunts. She may be seen today walking down Tremont Street, Boston, in her Educator shoes on her way to S. S. Pierce's which she pronounced to rhyme with *hearse*. The twentieth century Mrs. Brewster wears a highnecked black silk waist with a chatelaine watch



FRANCIS LEDERER IN TERROR IS A MAN

pinned over her left breast and a spot of Gordon's codfish (no bones) over her right. When a little girl she was taken to see Longfellow, Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, she speaks familiarly of the James boys, but this has no reference to the well-known Missouri outlaws. She was brought up on blueberry cake, Postum, and "The Atlantic Monthly"; she loves the Boston "Transcript", God, and her relatives in Newton Centre. Her idea of a daring joke is the remark Susan Hale made to Edward Everett Hale about sending underwear to the heathen. She once asked Donald Ogden Stewart to dinner with her niece; she didn't think his story about the lady mind reader who read the man's mind and then slapped his face, was very funny; she never asked him again.

The action of this story all takes place in Mrs. Brewster's Plymouth home on two successive June evenings. As the figurative curtain rises Mrs. Brewster is sitting at a desk reading the latest instalment of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

The sound of a clanking sword is heard outside. Mrs. Brewster looks up, smiles to herself, and goes on reading. A knock—a timid knock.

MRS. BREWSTER:

Come in

[Enter Captain Miles Standish, whiskered and forty. In a later generation, with that imposing mustache and his hatred of Indians, Miles would undoubtedly have been a bank president. At present he seems somewhat ill at ease, and obviously relieved to find only Priscilla's aunt at home]

MRS. BREWSTER:

Good evening, Captain Standish

MILES:

Good evening, Mrs. Brewster. It's—it's cool for June, isn't it?

MRS. BREWSTER:

Yes. I suppose we'll pay for it with a hot July, though.

MILES: (nervously):

Yes, but it—it is cool for June, isn't it?



MRS. BREWSTER:

So you said, Captain.

MILES:

Yes So I said, didn't I?

[Silence]

MILES:

Mistress Priscilla isn't home, then?

MRS. BREWSTER:

Why, I don't think so, Captain. But I never can be sure where Priscilla is.

continued on page 47



He's
got
to
get
over
his
thing
about
germs.



CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Davis



MILES STANDISH *continued from page 45*

MILES (*eagerly*):

She's a—a fine girl, isn't she? A fine girl

MRS. BREWSTER:

Why, yes. Of course, Priscilla has her faults—but she'd make some man a fine wife—some man who knew how to handle her—an older man, with experience.

MILES:

Do you really think so, Mrs. Brewster? (*After a minute*) Do you think Priscilla is thinking about marrying anybody in particular?

MRS. BREWSTER:

Well, I can't say, Captain. You know she's a little wild. Her mother was wild, too, you know—that is, before the Lord spoke to her. They say she used to be seen at the Mermaid Tavern in London with all those play-acting people. She always used to say that Priscilla would marry a military man.

MILES:

A military man? Well, now tell me Mrs. Brewster, do you think a sweet delicate creature like Priscilla—

A VOICE (*in the next room*):

O DAMN!

MRS. BREWSTER:

That must be Priscilla now.

THE VOICE

Auntie!

MRS. BREWSTER:

Yes, Priscilla dear.

THE VOICE:

Where in hell did you put the vermouth?

MRS. BREWSTER:

In the cupboard, dear. I do you hope you aren't going to get er—"boiled" again tonight, Priscilla

[*Enter Priscilla, infinitely radiant, infinitely beautiful, with a bottle of vermouth in one hand and a jug of gin in the other*]

PRISCILLA:

Auntie, that was a dirty trick to hide the vermouth. Hello Miles—shoot many Indians today?

MILES:

Why—er—er—no, Mistress Priscilla.

PRISCILLA:

Wish you'd take me with you next time, Miles. I'd love to shoot an Indian, wouldn't you, Auntie?

MRS. BREWSTER:

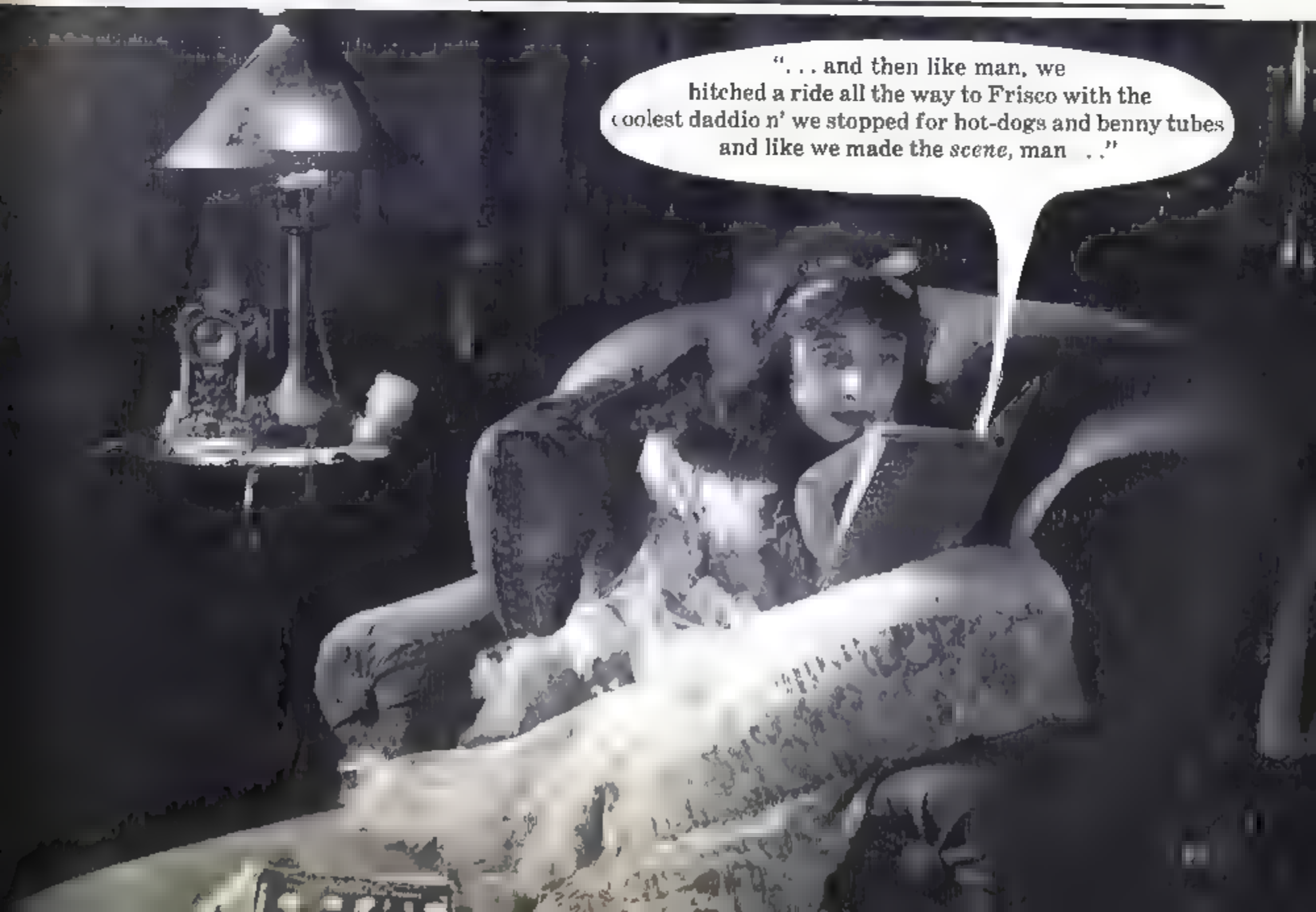
Priscilla! What an idea! And please, dear, give Auntie Brewster the gin. I—er—promised to take some to the church social tonight and it's almost all gone now.

MILES:

I didn't see you at church last night, Mistress Priscilla.

PRISCILLA:

Well I'll tell you, Miles. I started to go to church—really felt awfully religious. But just as I was leaving I thought, "Priscilla, how about a drink—just one little drink?" You know, Miles, church goes so much better when you're just a little boiled—the lights and everything just kind of—oh, it's glorious. Well last night, after I'd had a little liquor, the funniest thing happened. I felt awfully good, not like church at all—so I just



"... and then like man, we hitched a ride all the way to Frisco with the coolest daddio n' we stopped for hot-dogs and benny tubes and like we made the scene, man . . ."

thought I'd take a walk in the woods. And I came to a pool—a wonderful honest-to-God pool—with the moon shining right into the middle of it. So I just undressed and dove in and it was the most marvelous thing in the world. And then I danced on the bank in the grass and the moonlight—oh, Lordy, Miles, you ought to have seen me.

MRS. BREWSTER:

Priscilla!

PRISCILLA:

'Scuse me, Auntie Brewster. And then I just lay in the grass and sang and laughed.

MRS. BREWSTER:

Dear, you'll catch your death of cold one of these nights. I hope you'll excuse me, Captain Standish; it's time I was going to our social. I'll leave Priscilla to entertain you. Now be a good girl, Priscilla, and please dear don't drink straight vermouth—remember what happened last time. Good night, Captain—good night, dear.

[Exit Mrs. Brewster with gin.]

PRISCILLA:

Oh damn! What'll we do, Miles—I'm getting awfully sleepy.

MILES:

Why—we might—er—pet a bit.

PRISCILLA:

No. I'm too tired—besides, I hate whiskers.

MILES:

Yes, that's so, I remember.

[Ten minute's silence, with Miles looking sentimentally into the fireplace, Priscilla curled up in a chair on the other side.]

MILES:

I was—your aunt and I—were talking about you before you came in. It was a talk that meant a lot to me.

PRISCILLA:

Miles, would you mind closing that window?

[Miles closes the window and returns to his chair by the fireplace.]

MILES:

And your aunt told me that your mother said you would some day marry a military man.

PRISCILLA:

Miles, would you mind passing me that pillow over there?

[Miles gets up, takes the pillow to Priscilla and again sits down.]

MILES:

And I thought that if you wanted a military man why—well, I've always thought a great deal of you, Mistress Priscilla—and since my Rose died I've been pretty lonely, and while I'm nothing but a rough old soldier yet—well, what I'm driving at is—you see, maybe you and I could sort of—well, I'm not much of a hand at fancy love speeches and all that—but—

[He is interrupted by a snore. He glances up and sees that Priscilla has fallen fast asleep. He sits looking hopelessly into the fireplace for a long time, then gets up,

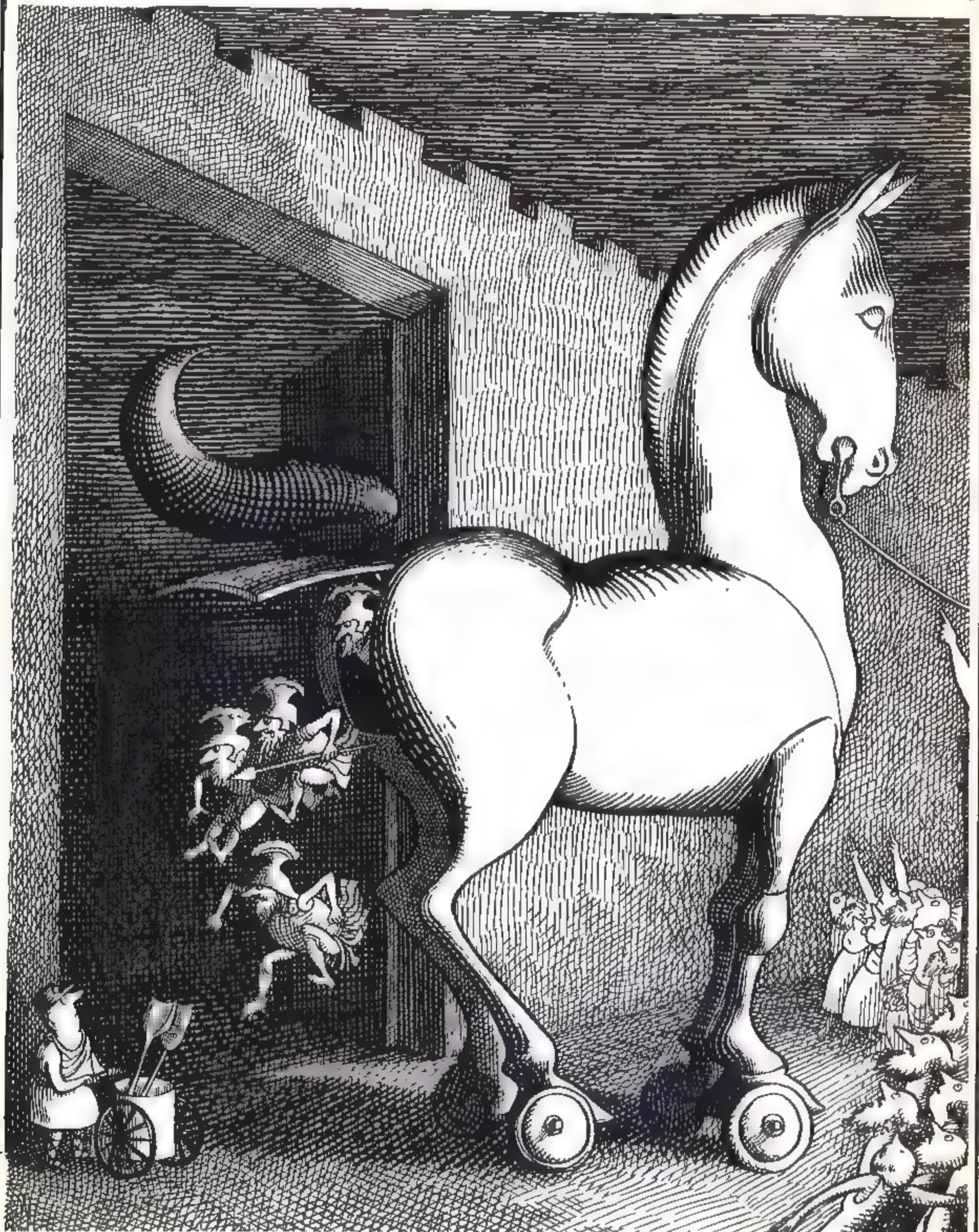
continued on page 56



Darling -
does
this
mean
you're
fired?

THE DAMNED SPOT





The Truth Behind the Trojan Horse

ARNOLD ROTH

A man!
— In Navy dungarees ...

It's Commander
Gregory Pesk! Commander
Gregory Pesk!

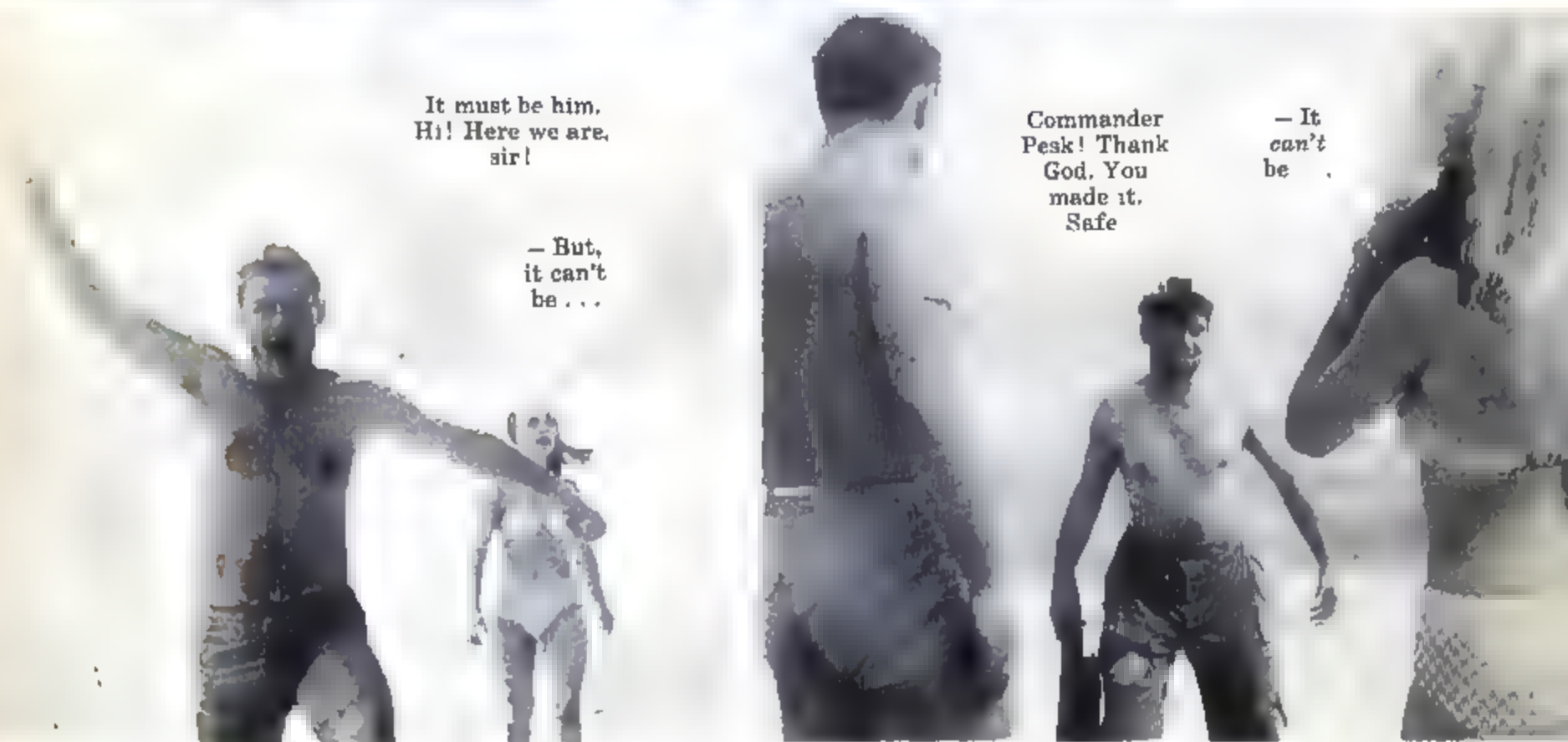


It must be him.
Hi! Here we are,
sir!

— But,
it can't
be ...

Commander
Pesk! Thank
God. You
made it.
Safe

— It
can't
be ...

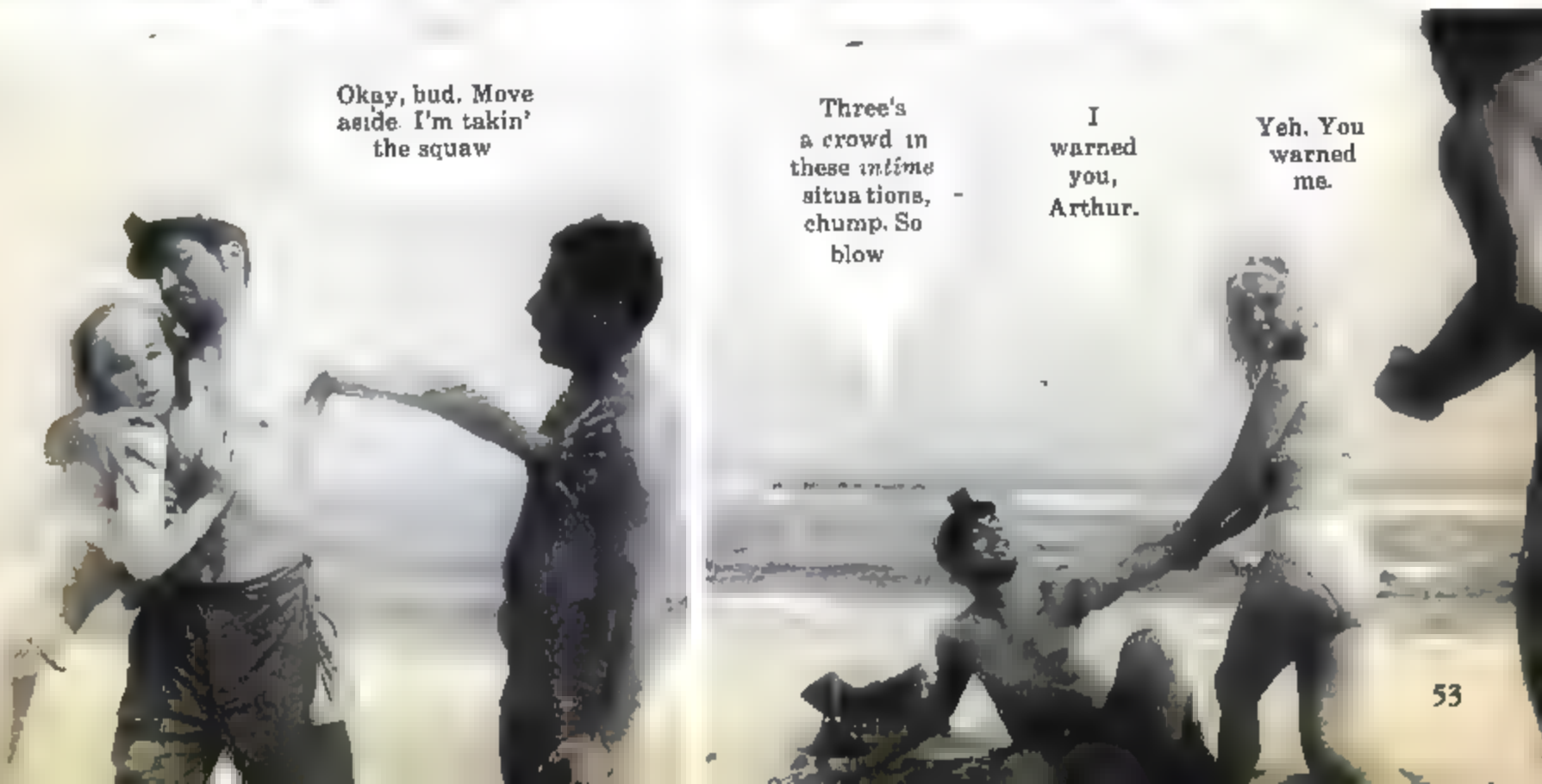


Okay, bud. Move
aside. I'm takin'
the squaw

Three's
a crowd in
these intime
situa tions,
chump. So
blow

I
warned
you,
Arthur.

Yeh. You
warned
me.



But
luck-
ily —

no
one
warned —

— *Arthur!*

You were
right, Sophie.
Society does
breed evil among
mankind the
old mankind

But the
new man-
kind is going
to start off
clean, fresh,
pure — we'll teach
them from the
cradle that vio-
lence is the one
unpardonable
sin — we'll nurture
them in the
ways of love
and gentle-
ness . .

But,
Arthur —

So that
the world
will be peopled
with men of
good-will!

Not monsters like
Commander Pesk! . .

But,
Arthur,
I'm trying to
tell you . . .

That isn't Com-
mander Pesk That's
just Ensign Lippowitz I
thought I ditched him
in Copenhagen . .



Where I'd gone
to have an an . .
operation Oh, Arthur,
darling! we can't start a
new race of mankind
You see --



I'm
Commander
Gregory
Pesk!



MILES STANDISH *continued from page 48*

puts on his hat and tiptoes out of the door.]

THE NEXT EVENING:

JOHN:

Priscilla is sitting alone, 'lost in reverie, before the fire-place. It is almost as if she had not moved since the evening before.

A knock, and the door opens to admit John Alden, nonchalant, disillusioned, and twenty-one.

JOHN:

Good evening. Hope I don't bother you

PRISCILLA:

The only people who bother me are women who tell me I'm beautiful and men who don't.

JOHN:

Not a very brilliant epigram—but still—yes, you are beautiful.

PRISCILLA:

Of course, if it's an effort for you to say—

JOHN:

Nothing is worthwhile without effort.



PRISCILLA:

Sounds like Miles Standish; many things I do without effort are worthwhile; I am beautiful without the slightest effort

JOHN:

Yes, you're right. I could kiss you without any effort—and that would be worthwhile, perhaps

PRISCILLA:

Kissing me would prove nothing. I kiss as casually as I breathe.

JOHN:

And if you didn't breathe—or kiss—you would die.

PRISCILLA:

Any woman would.

JOHN:

Then you are like other women. How fortunate.

PRISCILLA:

I am like no woman you ever knew.

JOHN:

You arouse my curiosity.

PRISCILLA:

Curiosity killed a cat

JOHN:

A cat may look at a—Queen.

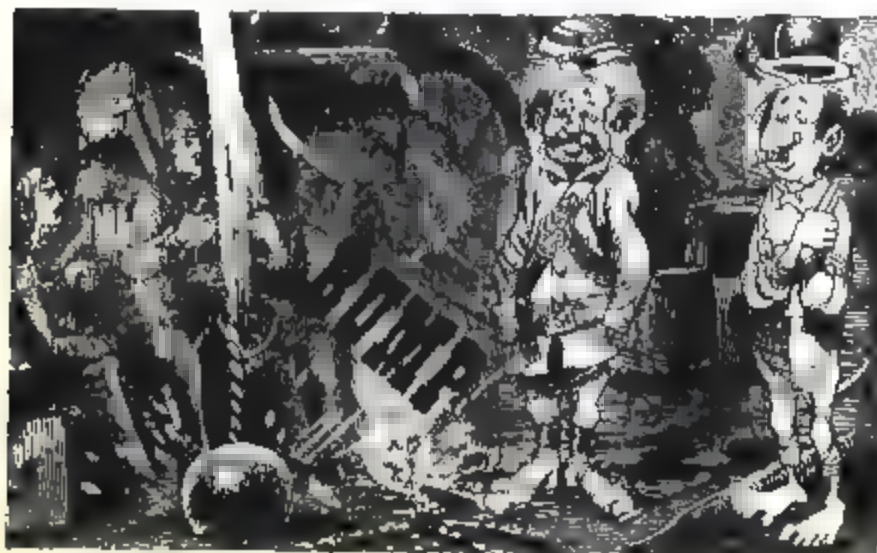
PRISCILLA:

And a Queen keeps cats for her amusement. They purr so delightfully when she pets them

JOHN:

I never learned to purr; it must be amusing—for the Queen.

CIVIL WAR VIGNETTES by Jack Davis



PRISCILLA:

Let me teach you. I'm starting a new class tonight.

JOHN:

I'm afraid I couldn't afford to pay the tuition.

PRISCILLA:

For a few exceptionally meritorious pupils, various scholarships and fellowships have been provided.

JOHN:

By whom? Old graduates?

PRISCILLA:

No—the institution has been endowed by God—

JOHN:

With exceptional beauty—I'm afraid I'm going to kiss you. Now.

[They kiss.]

[Ten minutes pass.]

PRISCILLA:

Stop smiling in that inane way.

JOHN:

I just happened to think of something awfully funny. You know the reason why I came over here tonight?

PRISCILLA:

To see me. I wondered why you hadn't come months ago.

JOHN:

No. It's really awfully funny—but I came here tonight because Miles Standish made me promise this morning to ask you to marry him. Miles is an awfully good egg, really Priscilla.

PRISCILLA:

Speak for yourself, John.

[They kiss.]

PRISCILLA:

Again.

JOHN:

Again—and again. Oh Lord, I'm gone

[An hour later John leaves. As the door closes behind him, Priscilla sinks back into her chair before the fireplace; an hour passes, and she does not move; her aunt returns from the Bradford's and after a few ineffectual attempts at conversation goes to bed alone; the candles gutter, flicker, and die out; the room is filled with moonlight, softly stealing through the silken skein of sacred silence. Once more the clock chimes forth the hour—the hour of fluted peace, of dead desire and epic love. Oh not for aye, Endymion, mayest thou unfold the purple panoply of priceless years. She sleeps—Priscilla sleeps—and down the palimpsest of age-old passion the lyres of night breathe forth their poignant praise. She sleeps—eternal Helen—in the moonlight of a thousand years; immortal symbol of immortal aeons, flower of the gods transplanted on a foreign shore, infinitely rare, infinitely erotic.]

END



From *A Parody Outline of History* by Donald Ogden Stewart
Copyright, 1921, by George H. Doren Company. Reprinted by
permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.



Haggerty's car
in here
some-
place.

IF YOU DON'T OWN ANY OF THE 33 1/3 RECORDS LISTED HERE, YOU ARE OUT! HERE ARE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE OF THE NEW GENERATION AND SOME OF THE STRANGEST OFF-BEAT RECORDINGS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO OWN ANYTHING HERE, (AND IF YOU ARE HIP, YOU SHOULD LIKE TO—) FILL OUT THIS COUPON WITH THE PROPER AMOUNT OF BREAD ATTACHED AND MAIL IT RIGHT WAY.



1. A CHILD'S GARDEN OF FREBERG
Stan Freberg fans will find all the Freberg classics here . . . St. George and the Dragonet, C'est Si Bon, Try, Heartbreak Hotel, Rock around Stephen Foster, Yellow Rose of Texas, John and Marsha, The Great Pretender, Rock Island Line, Sh-Boom," and many others.



2. THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF JONATHAN WINTERS
Some of this great man's funniest acts and sound effects are here: The Flying Saucer Lands, A Western, A Football Game, Airline Pilots, Used Pet Shop, Hip Robin Hood, Super Service Station and Marine Corps.



3. BEAT GENERATION JAZZ POETRY
Music and Folk Lyrics by John Brant, Len Chandler and Hugh Romney at the Greenwich Village Gaslight Cafe. These bonafide young beatniks recite Applesauce and Peanut Butter, A Poem for Lamont Cranston, Nathan's Goat, and other cool poems



6. SOUND EFFECTS ALBUM, SERIES #1

If you like to play around with a tape recorder, here is a collection of 48 different sound effects ranging from a plane taking off to cannon-fire, which you can just listen to or splice into your home recordings.



7. OUTSIDE SHELLEY BERMAN
The "method" comedian who describes his record as follows: "On this recording you will hear the audience—their ad libs to me, mine to them, the over-enthusiastic lady who is delighted with the initials "I.Q.", the strong laughs and the not so strong and the dull thuds."



8. SMASH FLOPS—ILL-TIMED SONGS
Just read some of these titles of this collection of 12 ballads. "Congratulations Tom Dewey"—"I Wish I Was in Chicago (On St. Valentine's Day)"—"We're Depending On You, General Custer"—"There'll Always Be 48 States in the U.S.A."



10. LENNY BRUCE'S INTERVIEWS OF OUR TIMES

In addition to some more incomparable Lenny Bruce sickness, this album has the Shorty Patterstein Interview—a classic of a kind where a jazz musician give a highly inarticulate analysis of like the jazz scene.



11. THE BUTTON-DOWN MIND OF BOB NEWHART

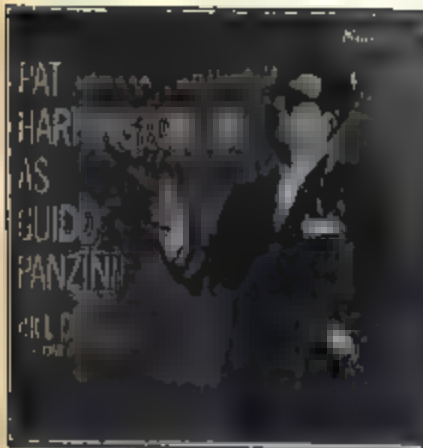
Called "the best new comedian of the decade" by Playboy magazine, this exciting new comic has included in his album: Abe Lincoln vs. Madison Avenue—Merchandising the Wright Brothers and other very funny routines.



12. DEL CLOSE—PSYCHOANALYSIS KIT
Dr. Siegfried Gestalt will analyze you. Side one will resolve your problems, opening a door to richer, fuller life. Simply place this record on a phonograph. Lie on a couch, turn on the phonograph, and respond honestly to it. "Amazing results!"



13. JACK KEROUAC, STEVE ALLEN
Poetry for the Beat Generation. Kerouac says: "I went to the studio to meet Steve. I said 'What'll I read?' He said, 'Anything you want.' We finished in an hour. The engineers said, 'A great first take.' I said 'It's the only take.' Steve said, 'That's right.' We went home."



4. PAT HARRINGTON JR. AS GUIDO PANZINI

With Bill Dana, these two well-known Steve Allen Show personalities ad lib a record about which Steve says, "routines of this type are part of the rehearsal routine around our show... this package will be recognized as the funniest of the year."



5. MIKE NICHOLS AND ELAINE MAY

A collection of words and music completely improvised at the recording session. The pianist played music that suggested different moods and Nichols and May would spontaneously create a scene to fit each mood.



6. LENNY BRUCE TOGETHERNESS

He's pure sickness. Here is what the critics say about comic Lenny Bruce: "Lenny shouldn't be allowed in a neighborhood crap game, much less a night club." — Los Angeles Mirror. "Lenny Bruce is just a fad, a one-time-around freak attraction." — Hy Gardner.



14. MORT SAHL

The latest Mort Sahl who says: "Let me assure you that I think the world is worth saving, and I am in favor of a few things: The 40 coffee house in L.A. which have become social centers for people you would never accept socially."

GENERAL PROMOTION CO.
DEPT. H-3 BOX 6573
PHILADELPHIA 38, PA.

Please send me the records I have checked below, for which I am enclosing \$..... plus 20¢ per record to cover cost of mailing.

- ☐ 1. A Child's Garden of Freberg\$3.98
- ☐ 2. The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters\$4.98
- ☐ 3. Beat Generation Jazz Poetry\$3.98
- ☐ 4. Pat Harrington Jr. at Guido Panzini\$3.98
- ☐ 5. Mike Nichols and Elaine May\$3.98
- ☐ 6. Sound Effects Album, Series #1\$5.95
- ☐ 7. Outside Shelley Berman\$4.98
- ☐ 8. Smash Flops — Hit-Timed Songs\$4.98
- ☐ 9. Lenny Bruce, Togetherness\$4.98
- ☐ 10. Lenny Bruce's Interviews of Our Times\$4.98
- ☐ 11. The Buttondown Heart of Bob Newhart\$3.98
- ☐ 12. Del Close Psychoanalysis Kit\$4.98
- ☐ 13. Jack Kerouac, Steve Allen, Poetry\$4.98
- ☐ 14. Mort Sahl — The Future Lies Ahead\$4.98

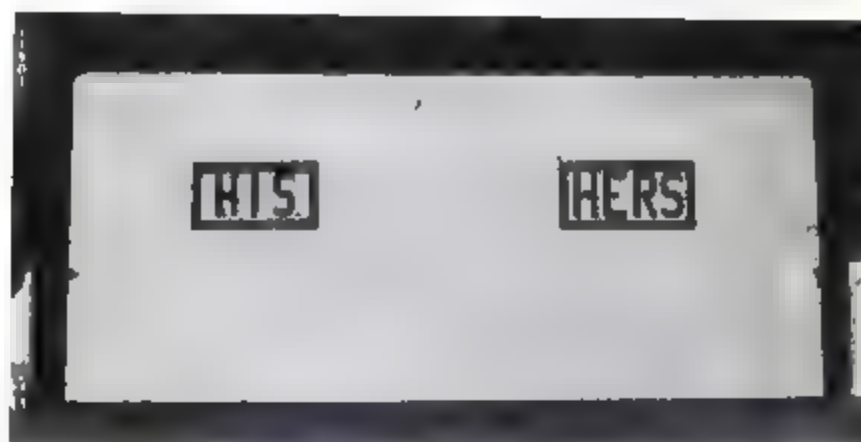
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

STATE

HIS and HERS GARAGE DOOR MARKERS



For the guy and gal with everything and two cars to put it in, here are "HIS and HER" Garage Door Markers in beautiful mahogany. Each letter is individually die-cut and measures 3 x 5 inches. There is a difference in *his* and *hers* (in this case the spelling) and when your doors are marked in this cute, unique and provocative manner, you'll be the talk of the town. A most happy gift, too, for the young married couples in your set. Wonderful to give at weddings or bachelor dinners. But most of all, fun for yourself — and, you never need worry that "she" will take your car... or that you will take hers. Also makes perfect markers for poolside cabanas, twin bed headboards, etc. Just \$2.98 set including mahogany borders.

Please send me a set of "His and Hers" garage door markers, with mahogany borders. I have enclosed \$2.98 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

General Promotions Co. Dept. H-3
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Name

Address

City Zone

State

CUSTOM - MADE NAME PLATE

Your car is as personalized as your name with this good-looking custom-made gold-tone metal name plate on your dashboard! Measuring 2 1/4 inches in length, it's self-adhesive to stick firmly in place in any kind of climate on any kind of road. Whether your car is a custom-job, a domestic stock model or a foreign import, the plaque happily proclaims, "THIS CAR MADE ESPECIALLY FOR (any name you desire) — and after all, wasn't it? Every smart driver wants one. Completely authentic, practical and a real conversation piece. Clearly print name to be inscribed.



General Promotions Co. Dept. H-3
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Please send me a custom-made gold-tone metal name plate. I have enclosed \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

Name

Address

City Zone

State



EVERYONE NEEDS HELP!

The whole world needs help. Maybe Mutual Aid, the Voice of America, or espionage will turn the trick — but you can't be sure. One absolutely guaranteed fool-proof method of getting HELP! is to subscribe to it. For \$4.00 you can get a whole year of HELP and that's more than the State Department can get.

- HELP MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPT DEPT H-3
- 1426 E WASHINGTON LANE
- PHILADELPHIA 38, PENNA.
- Send HELP! I have enclosed \$4.00 for
- one year (12 issues) of HELP!
- NAME _____
- ADDRESS _____
- CITY _____ ZONE _____
- STATE _____

KISSIES

An exclusive 'Help!' feature —
this month starring
young starlet
Jessica Walters



While other magazines offer provocative
but frustrating cheesecake, 'Help!'
gets down to business.
In 'Help!' you just don't
see — you feel!



Your lips touch the burning, soft lips of a
gorgeous girl, provided you follow
instructions carefully!
— Now as Jessica approaches —



— slowly draw the page towards you ...
next, pucker lips and breathe hard.
Moaning is optional. Then ...



— when we tell you — turn page and mash
inside cover to puckered lips!



— ready? TURN THE PAGE!





NOW!

NOW!

NOW!

—unless
you
failed to
follow instructions
you have just
experienced a
Help
Kissie—
except
if you're
a
girl.





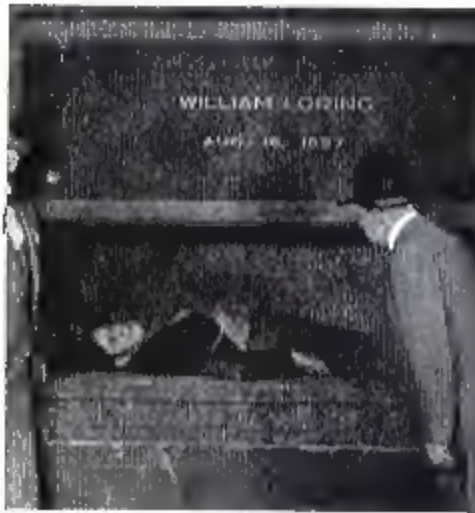
Tired?—



Run down?—



Home troubles?—



Sick?—



No love?—



No money?—



Beaten?—



Wanna give up?



Well buddy what

you
definitely
need
is

HELP!
FOR TROUBLED MEN